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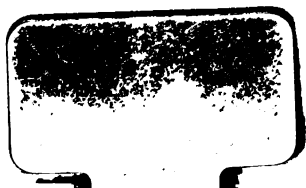
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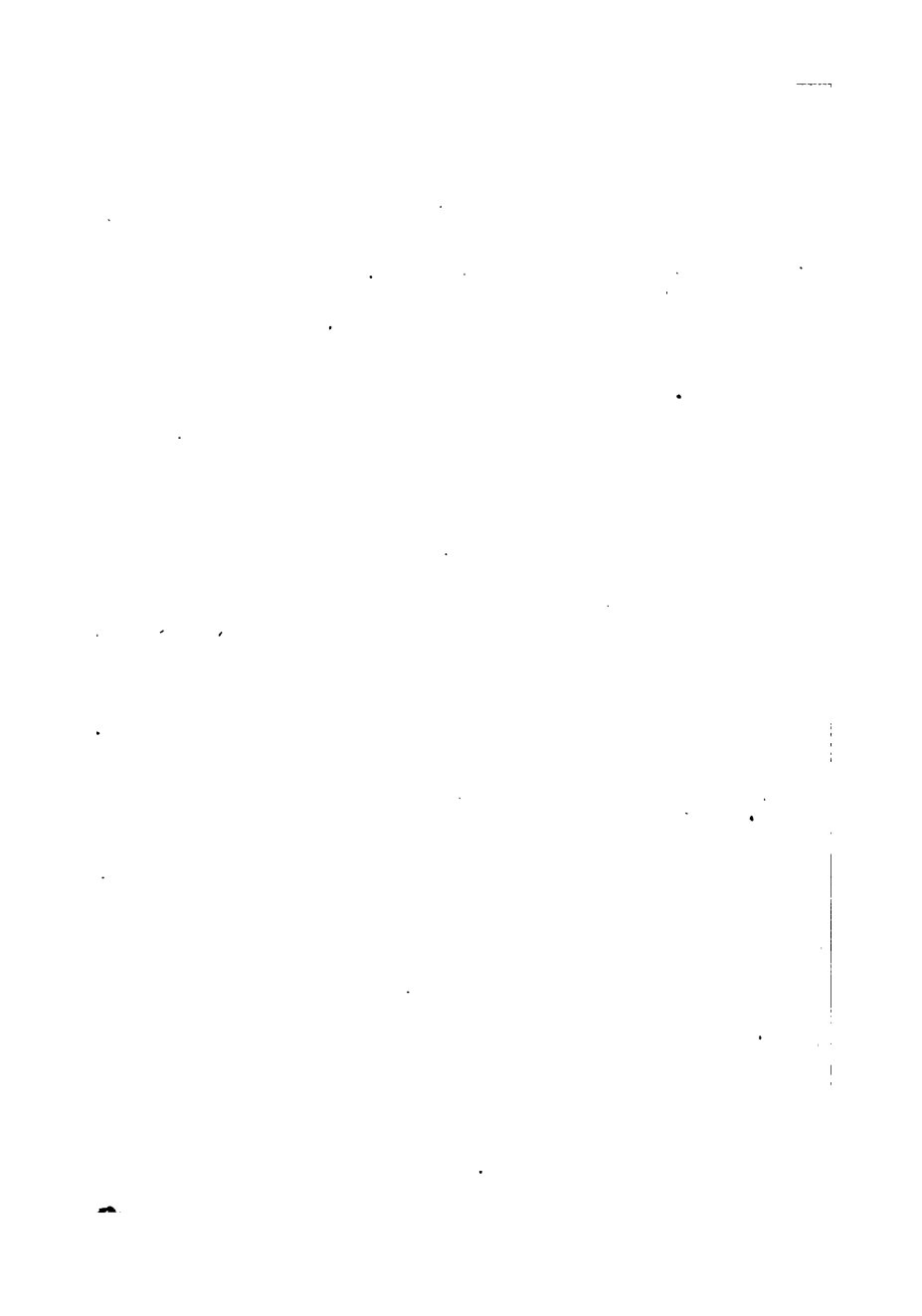
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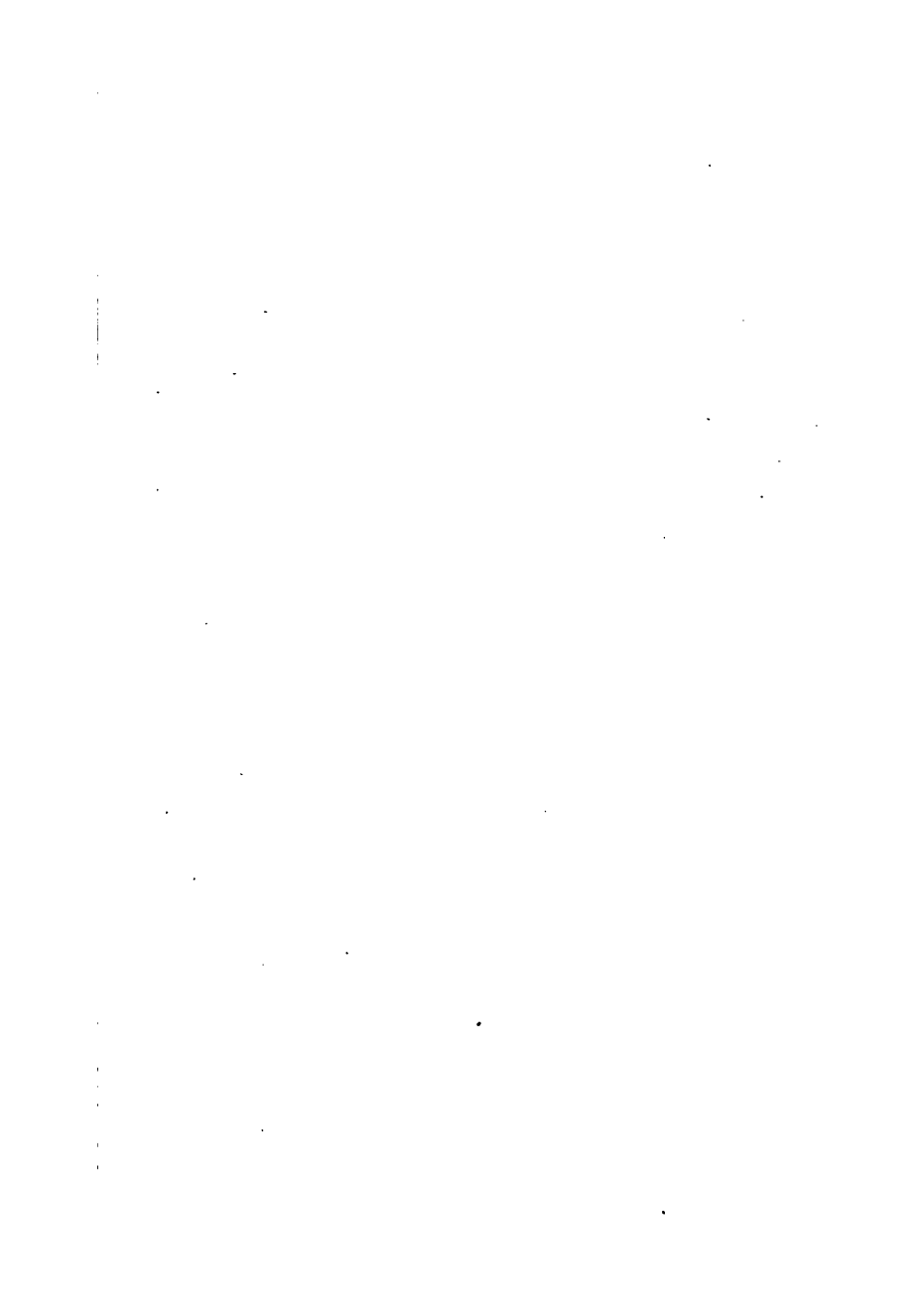
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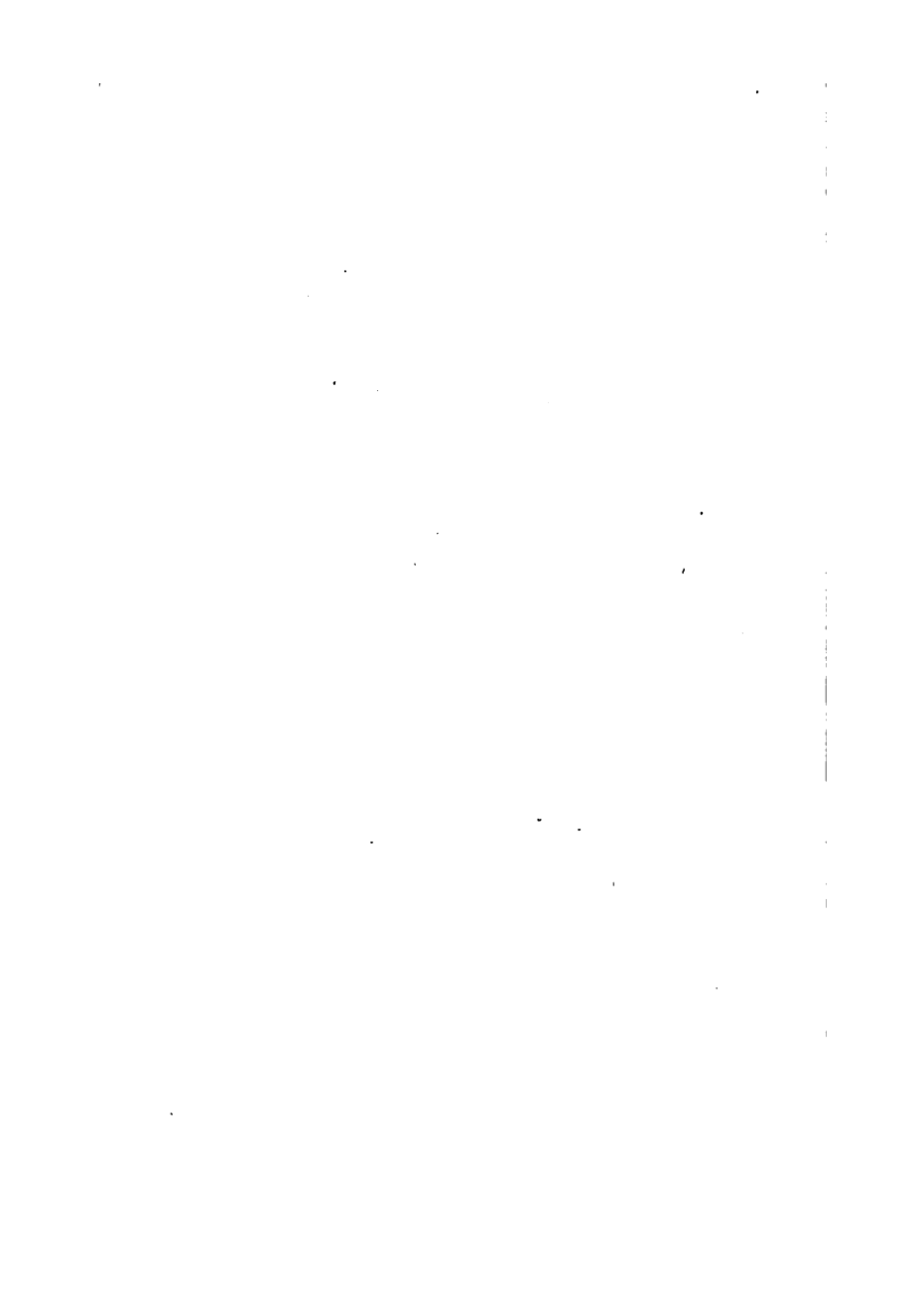
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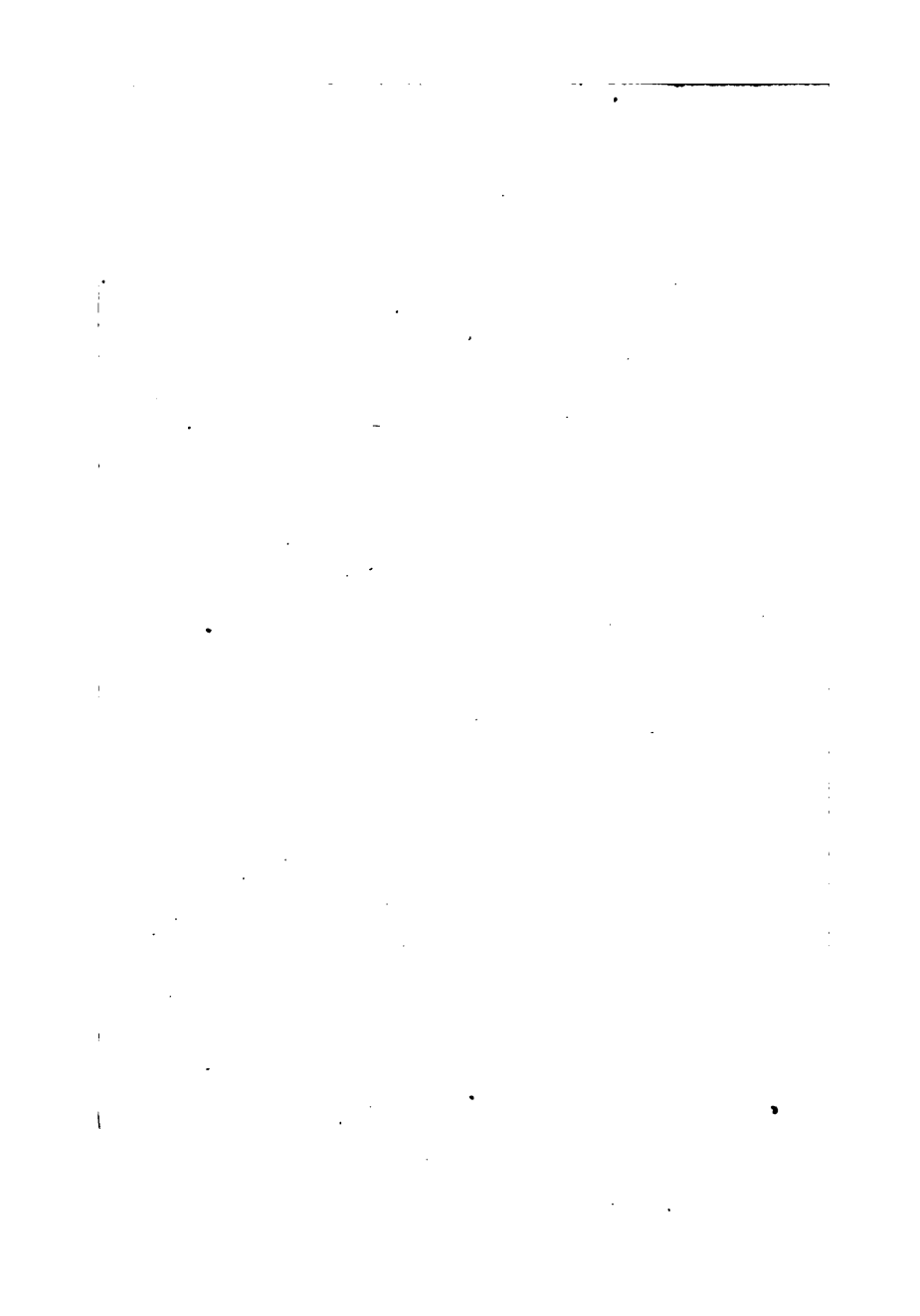














Engraved in the old SATURDAY REVIEW

A DAY AT THE FOXES' DYKE.
WITH THE OLD HARRIS.

Published No. 1887, London: The SATURDAY REVIEW

THE
COMIC ANNUAL.

BY
THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



THE MERRY THOUGHT.

Second Edition.

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TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

THE GREAT COMPTROLLER OF ALL PUBLIC PERFORMERS;

KINDLY COUNTENANCING PLAYS UPON WORDS, AS
WELL AS PLAYS UPON BOARDS;—

THE NOBLE PATRON OF THE ITALIAN, AS WELL AS OF THE
PRESENT ENGLISH OPERA:—

This Volume of the Comic Annual,

WITH THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S SPECIAL LICENSE,

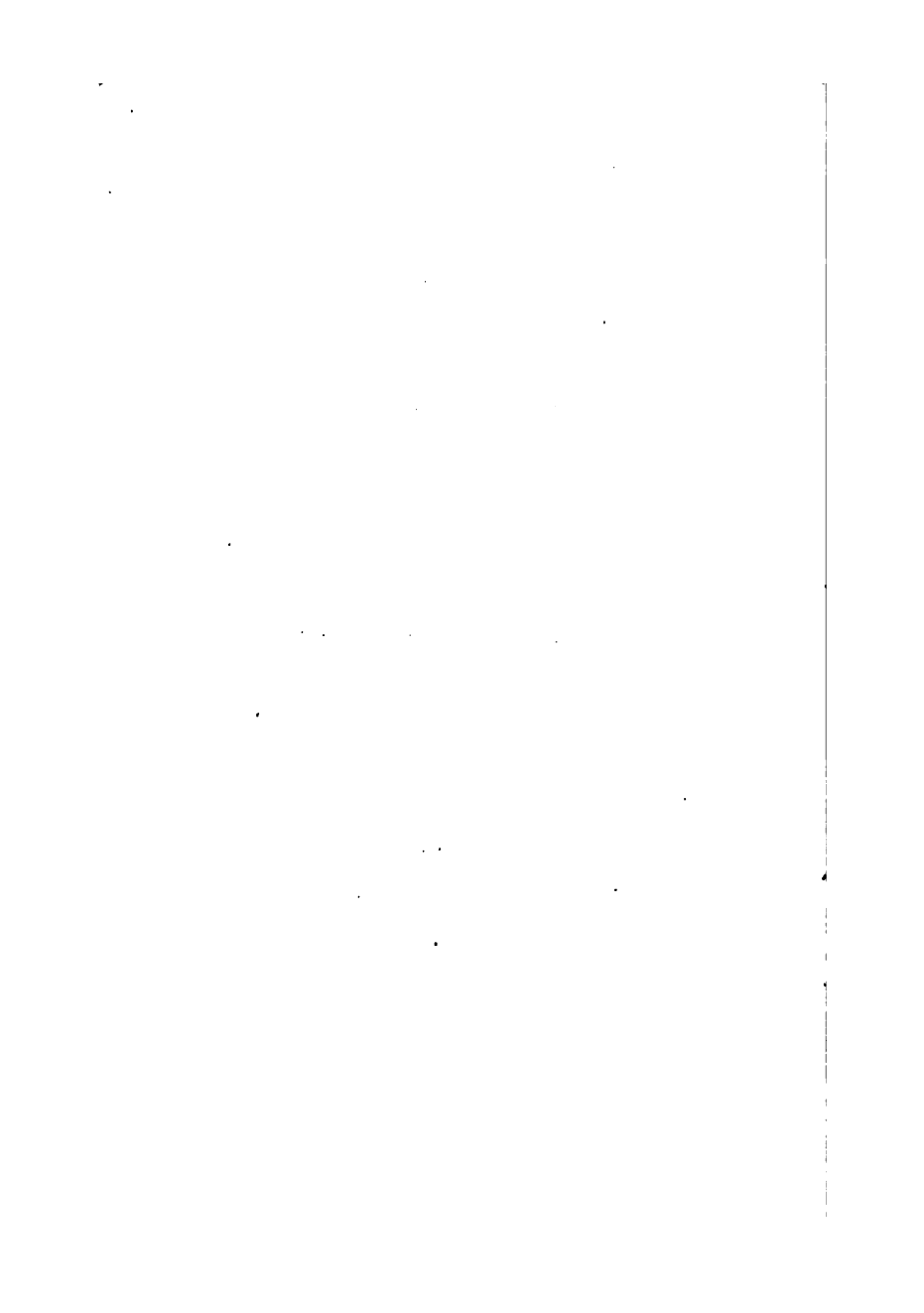
IS

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED,

BY HIS GRACE'S MOST OBLIGED AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

THOMAS HOOD.



P R E F A C E.

A FINE spring—a fine country—a fine illness and the getting over it—an action of fine and recovery,—all together running me very fine indeed, have retarded the appearance of this Annual beyond the usual period. It will, however, enhance the best, and repay the worst of these circumstances, if a public, proverbially kind, should pronounce it “Better Late than Never.”

I shall not, I hope, lose my seat in the House of Uncommons, by this delay in standing a second time for the county of Comic, the figure—no figure of fun—that preceded me having been chaired in November only, as what Sir Walter Scott calls “The County Guy.”

Now, I do not intend, like some votaries of freedom,

to cast mud on the muddy, or dirt on the dirty,—but, while I am on the hustings, I will ask the Committee of that Uncandid Candidate, “The New Comic,” whether it was quite honest to canvass against me under my own colours, and to pass off the enemy’s poll-book as mine? The Code of Honour should be a kind of Coade’s Cement between man and man,—but, to speak technically, some seem bound by it and some unbound. Mr. Hurst gave me his word, and shook hands thereon, that the delusive title should be altered;—and yet that bad title to a good name, “The New Comic,” is still retained. Surely he feels both the brand and the blush in what Byron calls “that red right hand.”

Were there no other and fitter labels extant than such close parodies of mine? For example, The Laughing Hyæna—or The Merry Unwise;—or The Main-Chance? The Old Brown Bear in Piccadilly is bearish perhaps—but he is Original.

The coupling, in advertisement, “The New Comic” with a volume really mine, is a trick that smacks of

the neighbourhood. There is as little difference as distance between the plying of 65, St. Paul's Church-yard, and the plying of the Fulhams and Brentfords close at hand.

The Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal, was actually induced to swallow what Izaak Walton would call the *Cad*-bait,—and after a jolt in the “New” concern, was induced to criticise it as a ride in the old.

Fain would I drop here the Steel Pen for a softer quill, to speak of an Editress who—distinguishing fair from unfair—has acted the perfect brunette towards me, and has brought a heavy charge against me “for work done.” In the Announcement of “The Comic Offering”—a little book chiefly remarkable for a coat of damson cheese, seeming equally fit, like Sheridan's poor Peruvians, for “covering and devouring,”—it is insinuated that I am an author unfit for female perusal:—I, who have never that respect infringed which, with me, dwells “like fringe upon a petticoat.” Miss Sheridan and modesty compel me to declare, that,

many Ladies have deigned to request for their albums, some little proof of "the versatility" or prosatily of my pen:—yet what says the Announcement, or rather Denouncement: "But shall we permit a Clown or Pantaloon to enter the Drawing-room or Boudoir—no, *not even under a Hood!*"

Putting Pantomimic people on a par,—was Clown Grimaldi so very unfit for the drawing-room of Mrs. Serle,—or Pantaloon Barnes for the Boudoir of Miss Barnet? Is it vulgar to go to Margate by the Harlequin, but genteel by the Columbine—to read "The Comic," instead of the "Offering to be Comic"? To put the Screw of Comparison into my Cork Model, have I made any drawing less worthy of the drawing-room, than "Going it in High Style"?—any verse more perverse to gentility than,—

Old Bet crying "Mac-ca-rel!" happened to meet—

Gad a mercy! Did Miss Sheridan never read or see a Comedy called the School for Scandal? If she has

heard of my indelicacy or vulgarity, it must have been from Sir Benjamin Backbite. Mrs. Candour compels me to confess that I am not guilty of either. Joseph Surface would give me credit for morality; and even those Crabtrees, the reviewers, have awarded me the praise of propriety,—confessing that though I am merry, my spirits are rectified. Like Sir Peter Teazle, I would willingly resign my character to their discussion,—but little Moses has a post obit on my reputation, and forbids my silence. I confess, besides, that on being so attacked by a perfect stranger, I did at first think it rather hard of her; but having now seen her book, I think it rather soft of her, and shall say no more.

To pass from this mood to the potential, let me record my thanks to Mr. G. W. Bonner, for doing all that Wood could, or should, for my designs; he has acted, in fact, a practical paradox, by being most friendly in cutting me, and has thereby rendered me his debtor, both in impression and expression.

To divide myself amongst those to whom I owe ques-

tions, suggestions, and good wishes, I should be like a hash'd Hare with many Friends. The major part of my Book, however, is miner than mine of last year, and as such, I commend it to its course, sincerely hoping, that what is my Work, may be the amusement and relaxation of others, in Town, in Country, and in the Suburbs.



THE OUTSKIRTS.



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THE COMIC ANNUAL.

THE PARISH REVOLUTION.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

Alarming news from the country—awful insurrection at Stoke Pogis—The Military called out—Flight of the Mayor.

WE are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The number of killed

is not known, as no dispatches have been received.

Further Particulars.

Nothing is known yet; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to any thing.

Further further Particulars.

(Private Letter.)

It is scarcely possible for you, my dear Charles, to conceive the difficulties and anarchical manifestations of turbulence, which threaten and disturb your old birth-place, poor Stoke Pogis. To the reflecting mind, the circumstances which hourly transpire afford ample food for speculation and moral reasoning. To see the constituted authorities of a place, however mistaken or misguided by erring benevolence, plunging into a fearful struggle with an irritated, infuriated, and I may say, armed populace, is a sight which opens a field for terrified conjecture. I look around me with doubt, agitation, and dismay; because, whilst

I venerate those to whom the sway of a part of a state may be said to be intrusted, I cannot but yield to the conviction that the abuse of power must be felt to be an overstep of authority in the best intentioned of the Magistracy. This even you will allow. Being on the spot, my dear Charles, an eye witness of these fearful scenes, I feel how impossible it is for me to give you any idea of the prospects which surround me. To say that I think all will end well, is to trespass beyond the confines of hope ; but whilst I admit that there is strong ground for apprehending the worst, I cannot shut my eyes to the conviction, that if firm measures, tempered with concession, be resorted to, it is far from being out of the pale of probability that serenity may be re-established. In hazarding this conclusion, however, you must not consider me as at all forgetting the responsibilities which attach to a decidedly formed opinion. Oh, Charles! you who are in the quiet of London, can little dream of the conflicting elements which form the storm

of this devoted village. I fear you will be wearied with all these details ; but I thought at this distance, at which you are from me, you would wish me to run the risk of wearying you, rather than omit any of the interesting circumstances. Let Edward read this, his heart, which I know beats for the Parish, will bleed for us."

I am, &c.

H. J. P.

P.S. Nothing further has yet occurred, but you shall hear from me again to-morrow.

Another account.

Symptoms of disunion have for some time past prevailed between the authorities of Stoke Pogis, and a part of the inhabitants. The primum mobile or first mobbing, originated in an order of the Mayor's, that all tavern doors should shut at eleven. Many complied, and shut, but the door of the Rampant Lion openly resisted the order. A more recent notice has produced a new and more dangerous irritation on our too combustible



BONIFACE.



population. A proclamation against Guy Fauxes and Fireworks was understood to be in preparation, by command of the chief Magistrate. If his Worship had listened to the earnest and prudential advice of the rest of the bench, the obnoxious placard would not have been issued till the 6th, but he had it posted up on the 4th and by his precipitation has plunged Stoke Pogis into a convulsion, that nothing but Time's soothing syrup can alleviate.

From another quarter.

We are all here in the greatest alarm! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Every body is in a bustle and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard! the bell-man is going his rounds, and on repeating "God save the King!" is saluted with "hang the Crier!" Organized bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c., whether for barricades or bon-fires, is not known; many

of them singing the famous Gunpowder Hymn, "pray remember," &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing hand-bills amongst the crowd: surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!

A later account.

The alarm increases. Several families have taken flight by the waggon, and the office of Mr. Stewart, the overseer, is besieged by persons desirous of being passed to their own parish. He seems embarrassed and irresolute, and returns evasive answers. The worst fears are entertaining.

Fresh Intelligence.

The cause of the overseer's hesitation has transpired. The pass-cart and horse have been lent to a tradesman, for a day's pleasure, and are not returned. Nothing can exceed the indignation of the paupers! they are all pouring towards the

poor-house, headed by Timothy Gubbins, a desperate drunken character, but the idol of the Workhouse. The constables are retiring before this formidable body. The following notice is said to be posted up at the Town-hall: "Stick No Bills!"

Eleven o'clock.

The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The Magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform.

A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High street, it is said to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the Market-Place. Some of the leading shopkeepers have had a conference with the Mayor, and the people are now being informed by a placard of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—"The Mare is Hobstinate—He is at the Roes and Crown—But refuses to treat."

Twelve o'clock.

The military is arrived, and is placed under his own command. He has marched himself in a body to the market-place, and is now drawn up one deep in front of the Pound. The mob are in possession of the walls, and have chalked upon them the following proclamation: "Stokian Pogians be firm! stick up for bonfires! stand to your squibs!"

Quarter past Twelve.

Mr. Wigsby, the Master of the Free School, has declared on the side of Liberty, and has obtained an audience of the Mayor. He is to return in fifteen minutes for his Worship's decision.

Half past Twelve.

During the interval, the Mayor has sworn in two special constables, and will concede nothing. When the excitement of the mob was represented to him by Mr. Wigsby, he pointed to a truncheon on a table, and answered, "They may do their worst." The exasperation is awful—the most frightful cries are uttered, "Huzza for Guys!"

Gubbins for ever! and no Higginbottom!" The military has been ordered to clear the streets, but his lock is not flinty enough, and his gun refuses to fire on the people.

* * * * *

The constables have just obtained a slight advantage, they made a charge altogether, and almost upset a Guy. On the left hand side of the way they have been less successful; Mr. Huggins the beadle attempted to take possession of an important street post, but was repulsed by a boy with a cracker. At the same moment Mr. Blogg the churchwarden, was defeated in a desperate attempt to force a *passage* up a *court*.

One o'clock.

The military always dines at one, and has retreated to the Pig and Puncheon. There is a report that the head constable is taken with all his staff.

Two o'clock.

A flying watchman has just informed us that

the police are victorious on all points, and the same has been confirmed by a retreating constable. He states that the Pound is full—Gubbins in the stocks, and Dobbs in the cage. That the whole mob would have been routed, but for a very corpulent man, who rallied them on running away.

Half past Three.

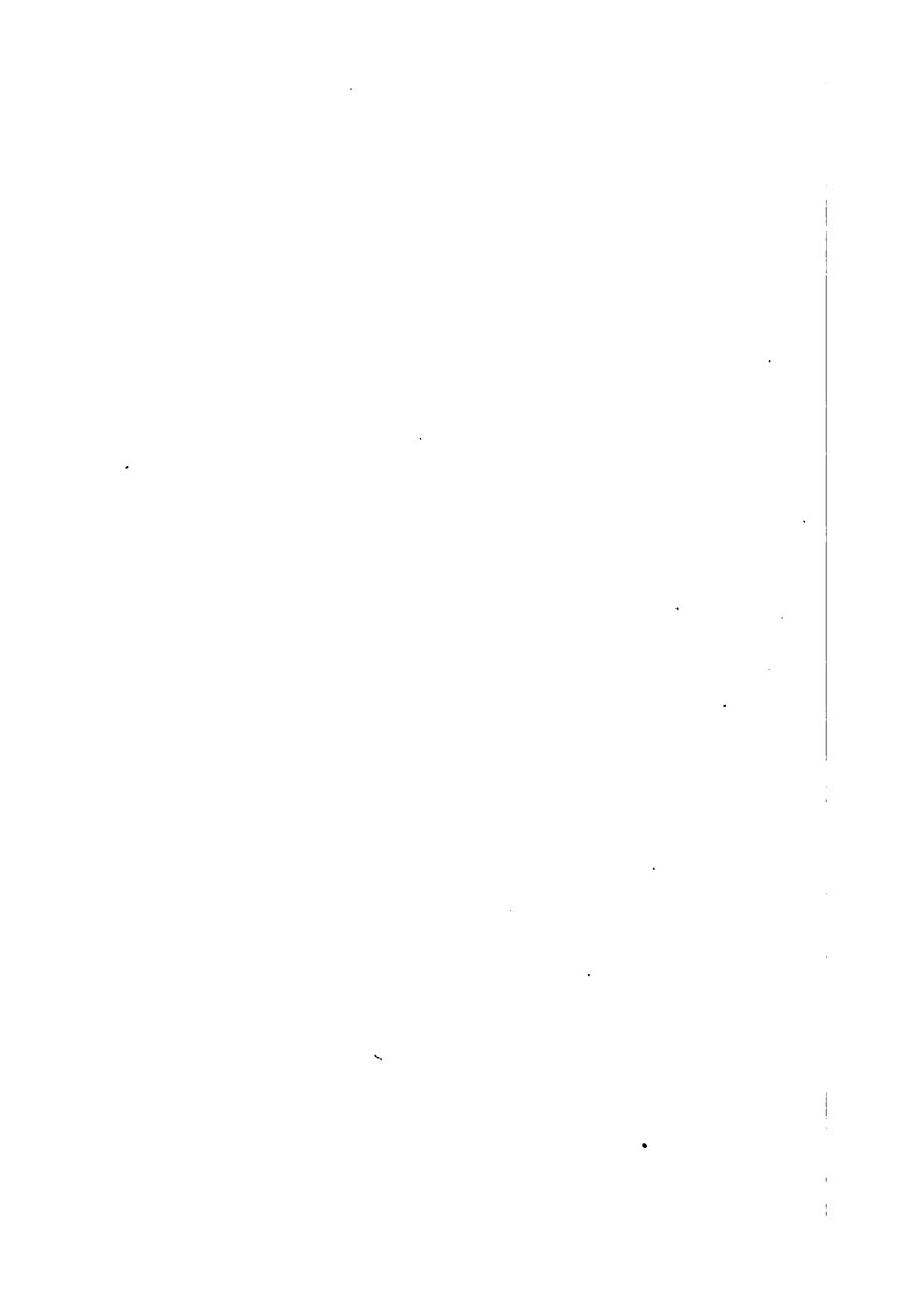
The check sustained by the mob, proves to have been a reverse, the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to faggots, we hav'nt a pound, and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigsby has gone again to the Mayor with overtures; the people demand the release of Dobbs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobbs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men, that his Worship will accede to the terms.

Four o'clock.

The Mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that after this decision, he secretly



GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.



ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a Provisional government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy,—they are letting off squibs, and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored.

We subjoin two documents,—one containing the articles drawn up by the Provisional Government and Mr. Wigsby; the other, the genuine narrative of a spectator.

DEAR CHARLES,

The events of the last few hours, since I closed my minute narration, are pregnant with fate; and no words that I can utter on paper will give you an idea of their interest. Up to the hour at which I closed my sheet, anxiety regu-

lated the movement of every watchful bosom; but since then, the approaches to tranquillity have met with barriers and interruptions. To the meditative mind, these popular paroxysms have their desolating deductions. Oh, my Charles, I myself am almost sunk into an Agitator—so much do we take the colour from the dye in which our reasoning faculties are steeped. I stop the press—yes, Charles—I stop the press of circumstances to say, that a dawn of the Pacific is gleaming over the Atlantic of our disturbances; and I am enabled, by the kindness of Constable Adams, to send you a Copy of the Preliminaries, which are pretty well agreed upon, and only wait to be ratified. I close my letter in haste. That peace may descend on the Olive Tree of Stoke Pogis, is the earnest prayer of, &c.

H. J. P.

P.S. Shew the Articles to Edward. He will, with his benevolence, at once see that they are indeed precious articles for Stoke Pogis.

CONDITIONS.

1. That for the future, widows in Stoke Pogis shall be allowed their thirds, and Novembers their fifths.
2. That the property of Guys shall be held inviolable, and their persons respected.
3. That no arson be allowed, but all bon-fires shall be burnt by the common hangman.
4. That every rocket shall be allowed an hour to leave the place.
5. That the freedom of Stoke Pogis be presented to Madame Hengler, in a cartridge-box.
6. That the military shall not be called out, uncalled for.
7. That the parish beadle, for the time being, be authorized to stand no nonsense.
8. That his Majesty's mail be permitted to pass on the night in question.
9. That all animosities be buried in oblivion, at the Parish expence.
10. That the ashes of old bon-fires be never raked up.

(Signed.) { WAGSTAFF, High Constable.
 { WIGSBY.

*The Narrativ of a High Whitness who seed every Think
proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs.
Humphris.*

O Mrs. Humphris! Littel did I Dram, at my
Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole
Parrish is Throne into a pannikin! The Reve-
lations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people
is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that
be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and
Me as bean siting abscondingly at the tiptop of
the Hows crying for lowness. We have lockd our
too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing
can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is
like the Frentch Plot—sum say sum thing moor
arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so
we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never
did like them Brown holland brum gals!

Our Winder overlocks all the High Street,
xcept jest ware Mister Higgins jutts out Behind.
What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub —
Their is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble

end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long winders.— Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews!

I hobserve Mr. Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Waggstaff the Constable, considdering his rummatiz has onely left one Harm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men air staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringleders But as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Nayers or Gyes, is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they sliped out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gon off with

his muskitry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think, Mrs. H. of too Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifer-vescence, and as Hignorant as the unbiggotted Babe of the state of our Husbandry! To had to our Convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No moor as the Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't hollowed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigsby as reffused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Scollard! Is'nt that a bad Herring!

O Mrs. Humphris! It is unpossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Huzbinds—nothing is herd but childerin looking for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertacker as jist bean squibed and obligated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexable Stubbleness of the Mare and says a littel timely Concussion wood



BREAKING THE NEWS.

have bean of Preventive Servis. Haven nose!
For my Part I dont believe all the Concussion on
Hearth wood hav prevented the Regulater bein
scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—
or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop,
or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is
now Flamming and smocking in two volumes.
The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of
Pips witch is too often the Case with Parrish ingi-
nuity. Wile affares are in these friteful Posturs,
thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is
cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the
extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his
Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his
hone saving was onely thro leaving His retrench-
ments.

Pore Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a
state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys
hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and
Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells
of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his
Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Per-

petrated rite thro by a Rocket. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongerers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothink can save the Dwellins adjourning. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to bee that our hone Premiss and propperty is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands!

The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious! Too Specious Conestabbles is persewing littel Tidmash down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I trembel for the Pelisse. Peplè drops in with New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the town Criar is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein



THE EAGLE ASSURANCE.

five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituuous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may supose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mothers Sperrits.

O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the ragging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Govinment in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Padington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removd in a Minuet—and the verry effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is emty. The Mare as gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his diner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did no stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a

case I dont wunder he lost his Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summit of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parrish officiousness as been turnd out of there Dignittis! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs.

Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minestir think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully

BRIDGET JONES.



TUMULTUM IN PARVO.



AN ANTI-CLIMAX.





SHARP, FLAT, AND NATURAL.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE.

"Look out for squalls."—THE PILOT.

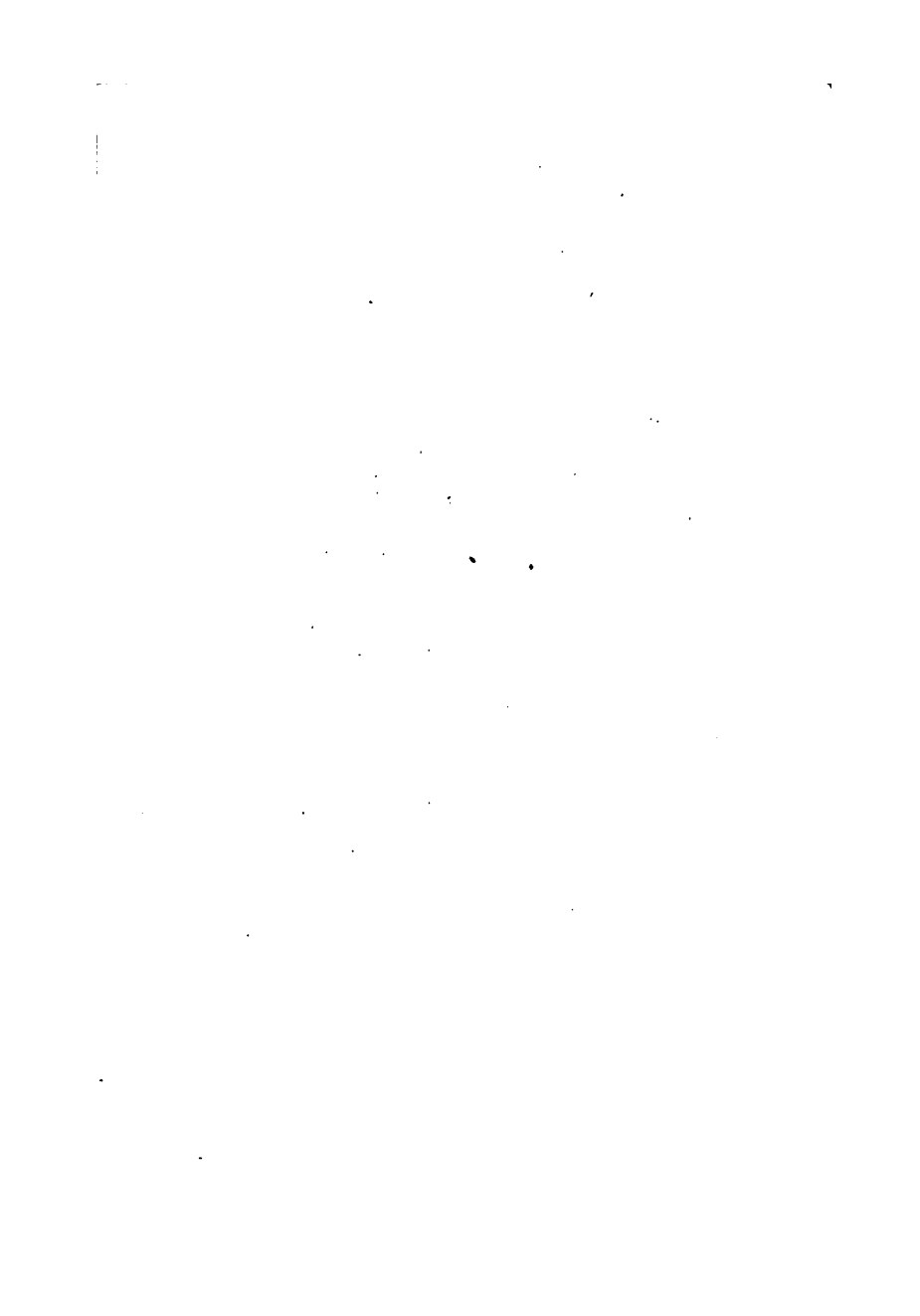
O COME, dear Barney Isaacs, come,
 Punch for one night can spare his drum
 As well as pipes of Pan !
 Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,
 Nor, Mister Bray, your horn, as soon
 As you can leave the Van ;

Blind Billy, bring your violin;
Miss Crow, you're great in Cherry Ripe!
And Chubb, your viol must drop in
Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.

Ye butchers bring your bones:
An organ would not be amiss;
If grinding Jim has spouted his,
Lend your's, good Mister Jones.

Do, hurdy-gurdy Jenny,—do
Keep sober for an hour or two,
Music's charms to help to paint,
And, Sandy Gray, if you should not
Your bagpipes bring—O tuneful Scot!
Conceive the feelings of the Saint!

Miss Strummell issues an invite,
For music, and turn-out to night
In honour of Cecilia's session;
But ere you go, one moment stop,
And with all kindness let me drop
A hint to you, and your profession;





A HARPY.

Imprimis then : Pray keep within
The bounds to which your skill was born ;

Let the one-handed let alone

Trombone,

Don't—Rheumatiz ! seize the violin,
Or Ashmy snatch the horn !

Don't ever to such rows give birth,
As if you had no end on earth,
Except to “ wake the lyre ;”
Don't “ strike the harp,” pray never do
Till others long to strike it too,
Perpetual harping's apt to tire ;
Oh I have heard such flat-and-sharpers,
I've blest the head
Of good King Ned,
For scragging all those old Welch Harpers !

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,
Take a prodigious deal of wooing ;
And then sit down to thrum the strain,
As if you'd never rise again—
The least Cecilia-like of things ;

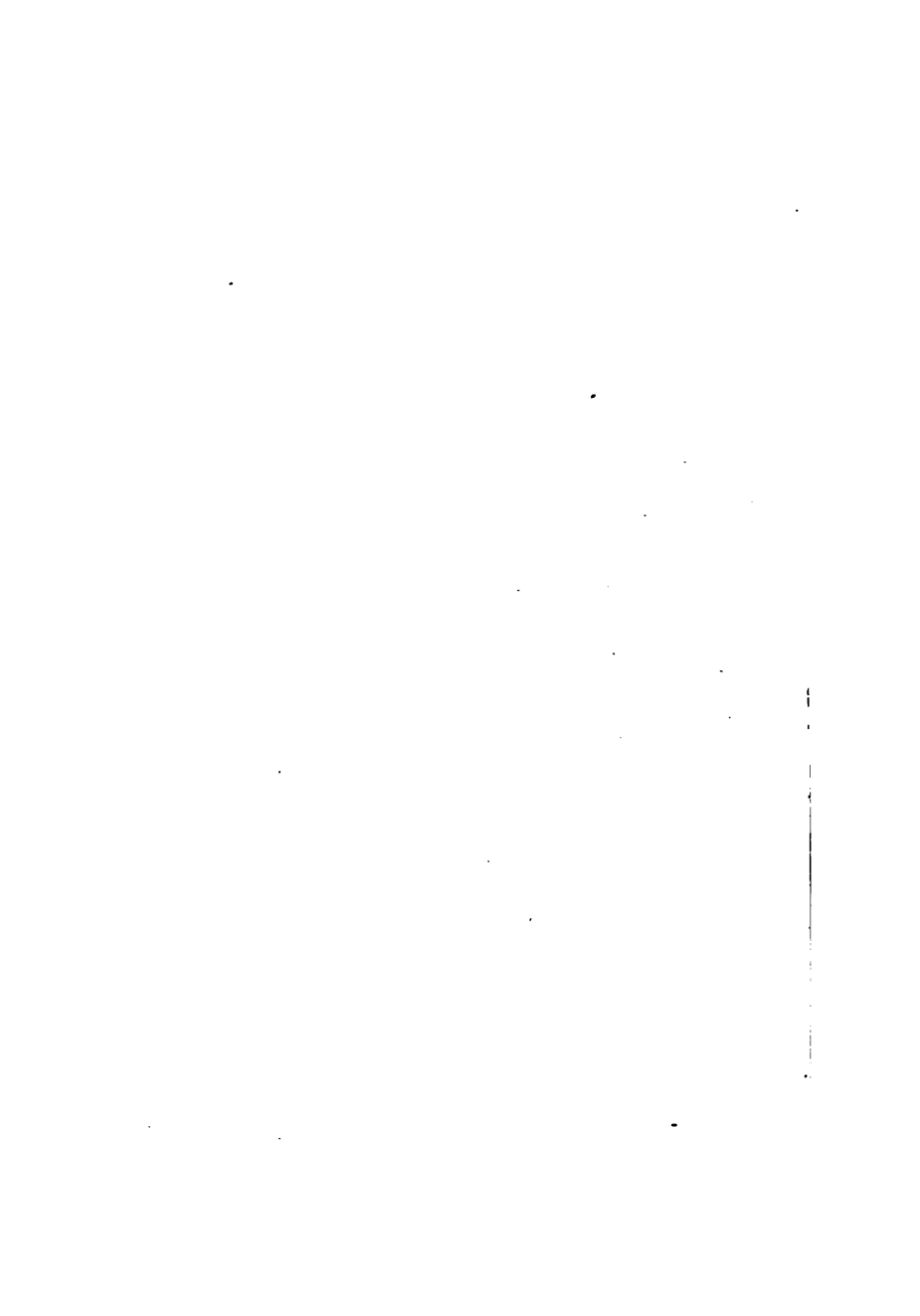
Remember that the Saint has wings.
I've known Miss Strummell pause an hour,
Ere she could " Pluck the Fairest Flower,"
Yet without hesitation, she
Plunged next into " The Deep Deep Sea,"
And when on the keys she *does* begin,
Such awful torments soon you share,
She really seems like Milton's " Sin,"
Holding the keys of—you know where !

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,
That urchin-like they can't help saying—
" O dear ! O dear—you call this playing,
But oh, its playing very roughly !"
Oft in the ecstasy of pain,
I've cursed all instrumental workmen,
Wish'd Broadwood Thurtell'd in a lane,
And Kirke White's fate to every Kirkman—
I really once delighted spied
" Clementi Collard" in Cheapside.

Another word,—don't be surprised,
Revered and ragged street Musicians,



FANCY PORTRAIT:—KIRKE WHITE.



You have been only half-baptiz'd,
And each name proper, or improper,
Is not the value of a copper,
Till it has had the due additions,

Husky, Rusky,
Ninny, Tinny,
Hummel, Bummel,
Bowski, Wowski,

All these are very good selectables ;
But none of your plain' pudding-and-tames—
Folks that are called the hardest names
Are music's most respectables.

Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,
Look as foreign as you can,
Don't cut your hair or wash your skin,
Make ugly faces and begin !

Each dingy Orpheus gravely hears,
And now to show they understand it !
Miss Crow her scrannel throttle clears,
And all the rest prepare to band it.

Each scraper, ripe for concertante,
Rozins the hair of Rozinante :
Then all sound A, if they know which,
That they may join like birds in June ;
Jack Tar alone neglects to tune,
For he's all over concert-pitch.

A little Prelude goes before,
Like a knock and ring at Music's door,
Each instrument gives in its name ;

Then sitting in,

They all begin

To play a musical round game.
Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,
Leads a first fiddle to the band,

A second follows suit ;

Anon the ace of Horns comes plump
On the two fiddles with a trump,
Puffindorf plays a flute.
This sort of musical revoke,
The grave bassoon begins to smoke,

And, in a rather grumpy kind
Of tone begins to speak its mind ;
The double drum is next to mix,
Playing the Devil on Two Sticks—

Clamour, clamour,

Hammer, hammer,

While now and then a pipe is heard,
Insisting to put in a word,

With all his shrilly best,

So to allow the little minion,

Time to deliver his opinion.

They take a few bars rest.

Well, little Pipe begins—with sole
And small voice going thro' the *hole*,

Beseeching,

Preaching,

Squealing,

Appealing,

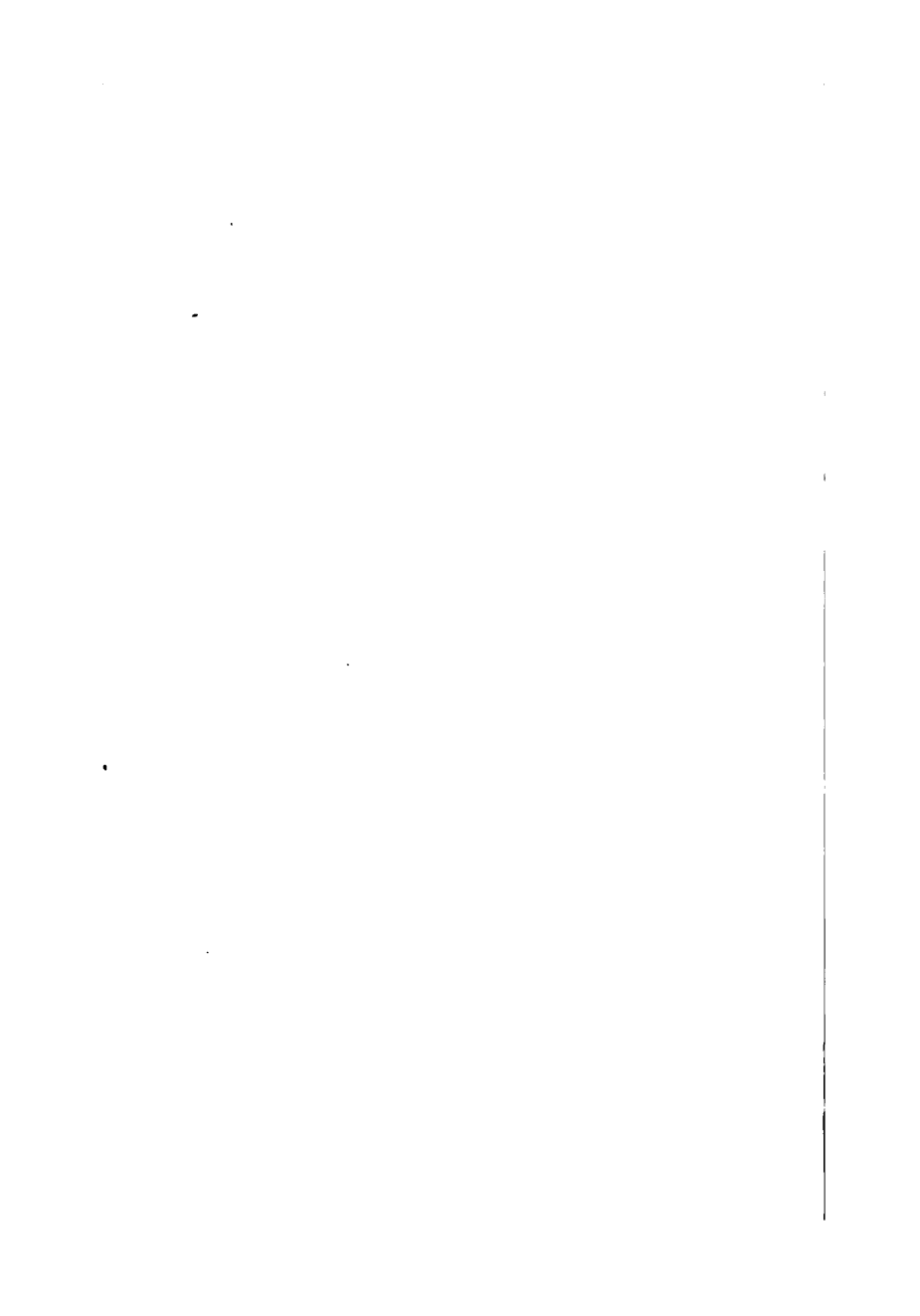
Now as high as he can go,

Now in language rather low,

And having done—begins once more,
Verbatim what he said before.
This twiddling twaddling sets on fire,
All the old instrumental ire,
And fiddles for explosion ripe,
Put out the little squeaker's pipe ;
This wakes bass viol—and viol for that .
Seizing on innocent little B flat,
Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat—
 They all seem miching mallico !
To judge from a rumble unawares,
The drum has had a pitch down stairs ;
 And the trumpet rash,
 By a violent crash,
Seems splitting somebody's calico !
The viol too groans in deep distress,
As if he suddenly grew sick ;
And one rapid fiddle sets off express,—
 Hurrying,
 Scurrying,
 Spattering,
 Clattering,



FANCY PORTRAIT :—MADAME PASTY.



To fetch him a Doctor of Music.

This tumult sets the Haut-boy crying

Beyond the Piano's pacifying,

The cymbal

Gets nimble,

Triangle

Must wrangle,

The band is becoming most martial of hands,

When just in the middle,

A quakerly fiddle,

Proposes a general shaking of hands !

Quaking,

Shaking,

Quivering,

Shivering,

Long bow—short bow—each bow drawing ;

Some like filing,—some like sawing ;

At last these agitations cease,

And they all get

The flageolet,

To breathe “ a piping time of peace.”

Ah, too deceitful charm,
Like light'ning before death,
For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,
And Puffindorf get breath!
Again without remorse or pity
They play "The Storming of a City,"
Miss S. herself composed and plann'd it—
When lo! at this renewed attack,
Up jumps a little man in black,—
"The very Devil cannot stand it!"

And with that,
Snatching hat,
(Not his own,)
Off is flown,
Thro' the door,
In his black,
To come back,
Never, never, never more!

Oh Music! praises thou hast had,
From Dryden and from Pope,

For thy good notes, yet none I hope,
But I, e'er prais'd the bad,
Yet are not saint and sinner even ?
Miss Strummell on Cecilia's level ?
One drew an angel down from heaven,
The other scared away the Devil !—



A GRAND UPRIGHT:

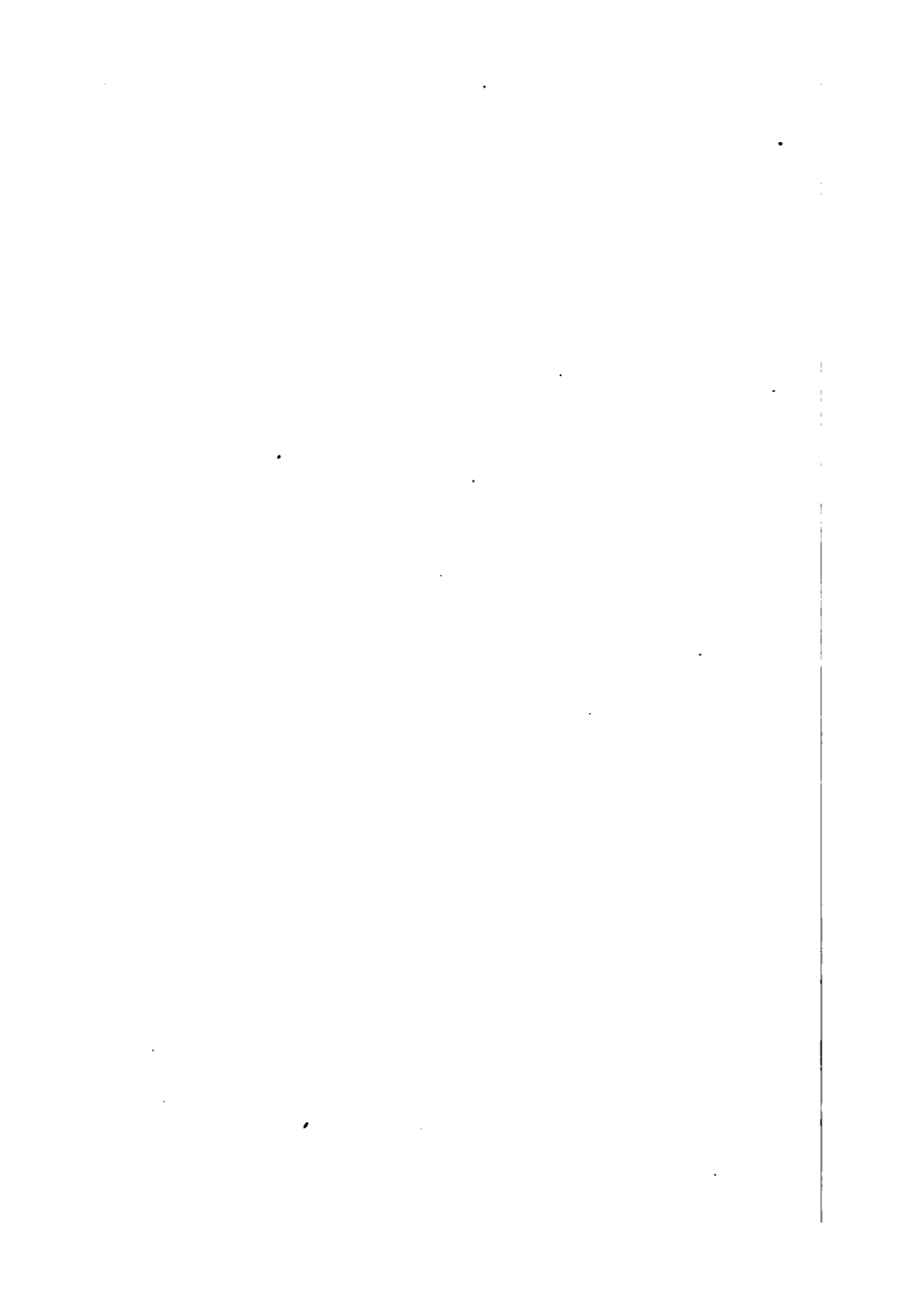
SONNET.

"Sweets to the sweet—farewell."—*Hamlet*.

TIME was I liked a cheesecake well enough ;
All human children have a sweetish tooth—
I used to revel in a pie or puff,
Or tart—we all are *tarters* in our youth ;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I crumped,
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often liked as lumped ;
On treacle's "linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Or honey, I could feast like any fly,
I thrilled when lollipops were hawk'd about,
How pleased to compass hardbake or bull's eye,
How charmed if fortune in my power cast,
Elecampane—but that campaign is past !



INFANTRY AT MESS.



LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



REMARKS.

No season has offered such *variétés* in costume as the early part of the present month. Fancy dresses of the most *outré* description have appeared, even in the streets. Short waists and long, full sleeves and empty, broad skirts and narrow, whole skirts, half skirts, and none at

all, have been indifferently worn. For the *Promenade*, rags and tatters of all kinds have been in much favour; very few buttons are worn, and the coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, have been invariably padded and stuffed with hay or straw. We observed several *exquisites* making morning calls in scare-crow great coats; the skirts, lapels, collars, and cuffs, picturesquely, but not too formally, jagged, *à la Vandyke*. The prevailing colours—all colours at once. Wigs have been very general—both *en buzz* and *frizzé*; these have been commonly composed of deal-shavings; but in some cases of tow, and sometimes horse-hair. For the evening party, a few squibs and crackers are stuck in the *perruque* or hat, and the boots and shoes are polished up with a little pitch or tar; sometimes a Catherine wheel has been added *en coquarde*. Frills, collars, and ruffles, of *papier coupé*, have entirely superseded those of cambric or lace, and shirts of every description are quite discarded. Paint has been in much request, and ruddle seems to have been preferred to *rouge*;



A FIELD OFFICER.

patches are also much worn, not on the countenance, but on the clothes; for these the favourite *matériel* is tartan, plush of any colour, or corduroy. Several dandies appeared on the 5th with gloves, but they are not essential requisites to be in the *ton*: canes are discarded; even a riding whip would be reckoned to evince *mauvais goût*, but a half-penny bunch of matches "*à la main*" is indispensable to a fashionable aspirant. The old practice of being carried abroad in chairs has been universally revived; and it must be confessed, that it exhibits the Figure to much advantage.

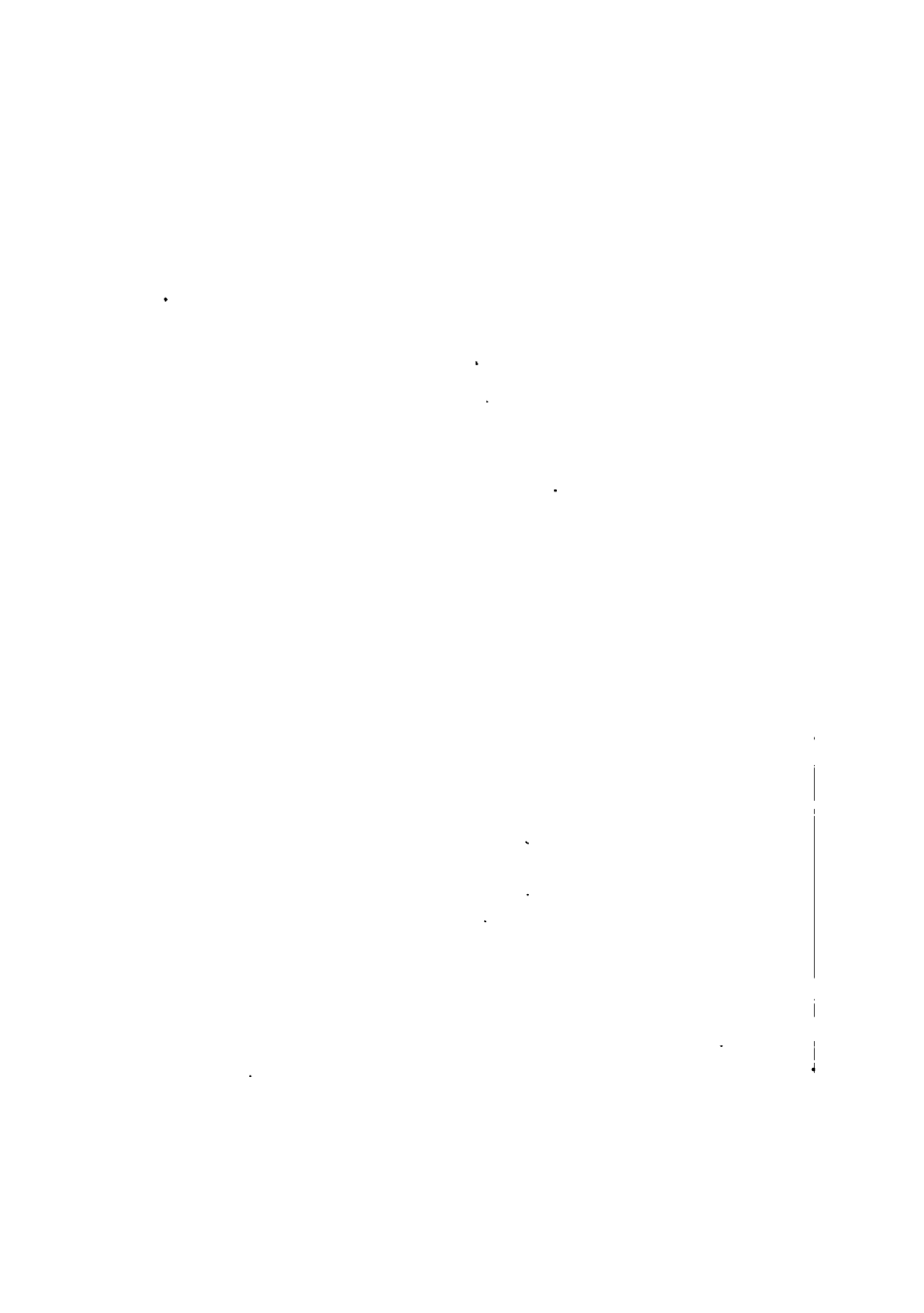
Amongst the *Nouveautés*, we observed the following *Caractère*, as making a felicitous *début*. The coat was *à la militaire*, of the colour formerly so much in vogue, under the name of *fumée de Londres*, turned up with *flamme d'enfer*. It was *garni* with very dead gold; and slashed *à l'Espagnolle*, back and front. The pantaloons were equally *bizarre*; one leg being composed of Scotch tartan, and the other, of blue striped bed-ticking, made very

full, *en matelot*, in compliance with the prevailing taste for navals. The wig was made of green and white willow shavings, with a large link for a *queue*, tied on with a *nœud* of red tape. The hat, brown, somewhat darker than the Devonshire beaver, but disinclining to black. It had no brim, and was without a crown. A tarnished badge of the Phenix Fire Office, on the bust, gave a *distingué* air to the whole Figure, which was going down Bond-Street, and excited a sensation quite *à l'envie* by its appearance in the World of Fashion.

N. B.—We are requested to state that the above described figure was entirely invented and manufactured by little Solomon Levy, of Hollywell-Street, Strand, who has a variety always on show, about the metropolis.



A NOTE OF ADMIRATION !



I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

"Double, single, and the rub"—HOMER.

"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

I.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess .

A simple marriage vow

Would make me find all womenkind .

Such unkind women now !

They need not, sure, as *distant* be

As Java or Japan,—

Yet ev'ry Miss reminds me this—

I'm not a single man !

II.

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duett ;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set :
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan ;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man !

III.

Once I was asked advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read,
But if I now began,
How they would snub, "my pretty page,"
I'm not a single man!"

IV.

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill ;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can,—
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man !

V.

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa :
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man !

VI.

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran ;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man !

VII.

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks ;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man !

VIII.

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing ;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring :
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man !

IX.

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan ;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man !

X.

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine :
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man !

XI.

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand;—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand ?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan;
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man !

XII.

Some change, of course, should be in force,

But, surely, not so much—

There may be hands I may not squeeze,

But must I never touch?—

Must I forbear to hand a chair,

And not pick up a fan?

But I have been myself picked up—

I'm not a single man!

XIII.

Others may hint a lady's tint

Is purest red and white—

May say her eyes are like the skies,

So very blue and bright,—

I must not say that she *has eyes*,

Or if I so began,

I have my fears about my ears,—

I'm not a single man!

XIV.

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now ;—
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd,
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man !



A BACHELOR OF HEARTS.



A WIND-FALL,

A MAY-DAY VISION.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

"A month he lived, and that was May."

Hush! open the windows! our neighbours are
 staring,
 And droppers of coppers on faces of brass,
 Whoe'er would be lucky bestow a May-fairing,
 And laughing huzza on the train as they pass!
 In rich vulgar discord the salt-box out-launches,
 And helping the band, times the jig of the Queen,
 But King Charles the Second amid oaken branches
 Was sure not so happy as "Jack in the Green!"

The masculine Marian—well painted—tho' ill it
 Resembles a Lady well painted by Shee,
 The Clown who exults as he holds up his skillet,
 In motley and bells, raise no envy in me!
 The King in court suit, and cocked hat of gilt paper,
 May scrape me a bow, his fandangoes between,

But coldly I turn from his common-place caper,
To thy solemn measure—O Jack in the Green !

No sland'rer can find any fault with thy feature,
Thou modern black Pan in a sylvan abode !
Not even expected to stoop, happy creature,
To pick up the favours that fall in thy road.
Far better than even the milk-maid thou farest,
Whom tankards and candlesticks weightily screen,
But light is the tow'r thou so towringly bearest
With *sweep* so majestic, brave Jack in the Green !

Yes, thou art a vernal—a beautiful mystery,
With a crown o'er thy head, thou aspir'st not to
wear,
Thou writest in flow'rs thy own days' glorious
history,
The child's " Great Unknown " from the lane to
the square.
Thy bow'r to bear with thee wherever thou rovest,
To see crowds admire thee, and yet be unseen ;
Veil'd in verdure that rustles to song as thou movest,
'Tis the life that I sigh for, blest Jack in the Green !

Go on, in thy triumph, thro' Park, Street, and
Alley,

To the Holy-land banquet when daylight is flown,
There, washing thy face, dance with African Sally,
Whose wash'd one is blacker than e'er was thine
own,—

No pleasures of Maying, old Poets allege, come
So home as to thee—not a lad have I seen
Except Jack in the blue, when ashore at Mount
Edgecombe,
So enjoy his strange verdure as Jack in the Green!



BLACK EMANCIPATION.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO.

"The Admiral compell'd them all to strike."—*LIFE OF NELSON.*

HUSH! silence in School—not a noise!
 You shall soon see there's nothing to jeer at,
 Master Marsh, most audacious of boys!
 Come!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

So this morn in the midst of the Psalm,
 The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at;
 You're complained of—Sir! hold out your palm,—
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You wilful young rebel, and dunce!
 This offence all your sins shall appear at,
 You shall have a good caning at once—
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"



PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
And your pronouns you are not more clear at,
But you're forward enough to disturb,—
There !—" *Palmam qui meruit ferat !* "

You said Master Twigg stole the plumbs,
When the orchard he never was near at,
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs,—
There !—" *Palmam qui meruit ferat !* "

You make Master Taylor your butt,
And this morning his face you threw beer at,
And you struck him—do *you* like a cut ?
There !—" *Palmam qui meruit ferat !* "

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
You are always his hair, or his ear at,—
He's my *Opt*, Sir, and you are my *Pess* :
There !—" *Palmam qui meruit ferat !* "

Then you had a pitcht fight with young Rous,
An offence I am always severe at !

You discredit to Cicero-House!

There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You have made too a plot in the night,

To run off from the school that you rear at!

Come, your other hand, now Sir,—the right,

There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog!

Such pictures as I'm looking here at,—

" Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"

There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You have run up a bill at a shop,

That in paying you'll be a whole year at,—

You've but twopence a week, Sir, to stop!

There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,

And the soup you are certain to sneer at—

I have sipped it—it's very good soup,—

There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

'T'other day when I fell o'er the form,
Was my tumble a thing, Sir, to cheer at?
Well for you that my temper's not warm,—
There!—" *Palmam qui meruit ferat!* "

Why, you rascal! you insolent brat!
All my talking you don't shed a tear at,
There—take that, Sir! and that! that! and that!
There!—" *Palmam qui meruit ferat!* "



GETTING A HOLE HOLIDAY.

THE
GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT MARY-LE-BONE.

"Do you never deviate!"—JOHN BULL.

It was on the evening of the 7th of November, 18—, that I went by invitation to sup with my friend P., at his house in High Street, Mary-le-bone. The only other person present was a Portuguese, by name Senor Mendez, P's mercantile agent at Lisbon, a person of remarkably retentive memory, and most wonderful power of description. The conversation somehow turned upon the memorable great earthquake at Lisbon, in the year of our Lord, ———, and Senor Mendez, who was residing, at that time, in the Portuguese capital, gave us a very lively picture,—if lively

it may be called—of the horrors of that awful convulsion of nature. The picture was dreadful ; the Senor's own house, a substantial stone mansion, was rent from attic to cellar ! and the steeple of his parish church left impending over it at an angle surpassing that of the famous Leaning Tower of Bologna !

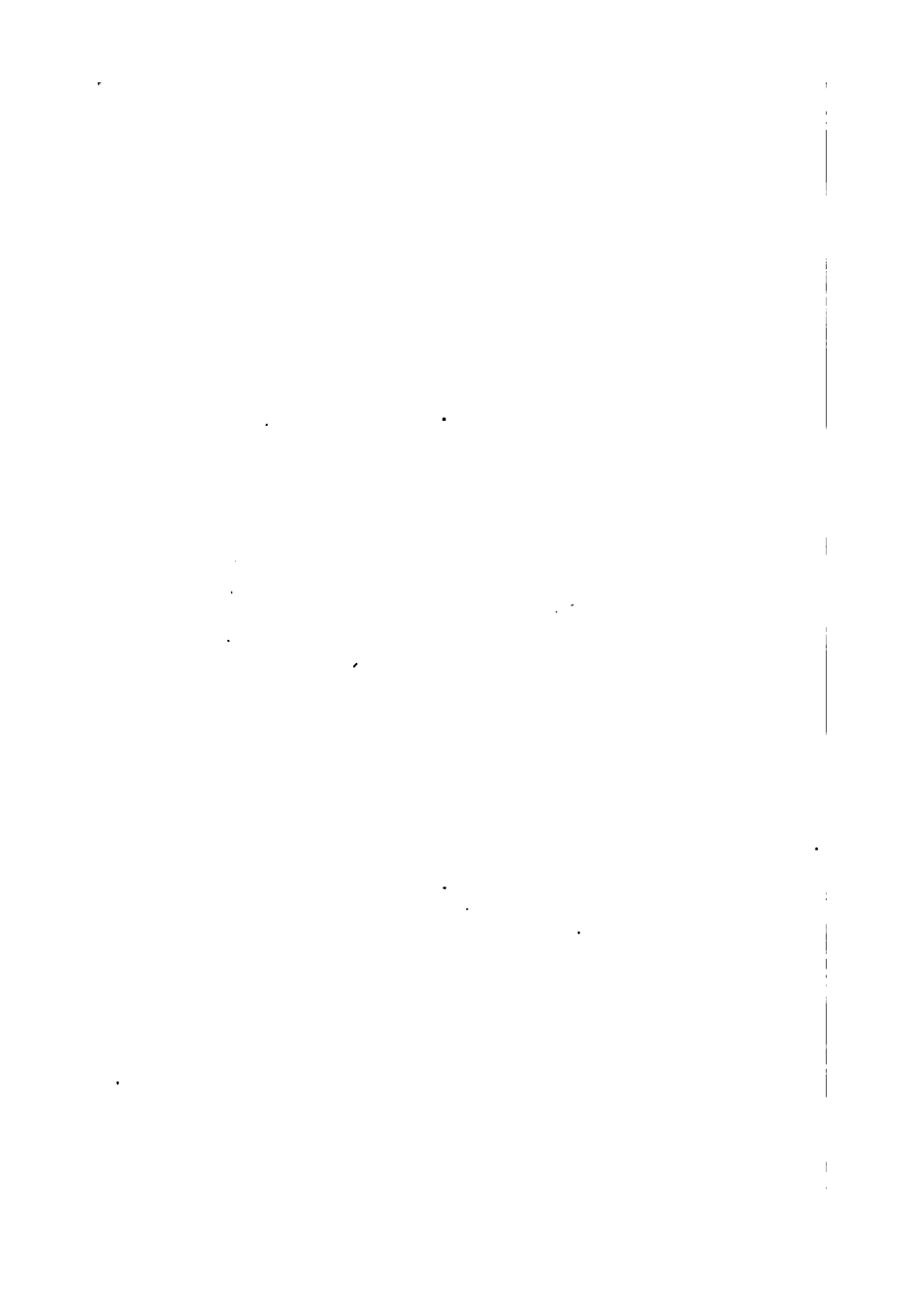
The Portuguese had a wonderfully expressive countenance, with a style of narration indescribably vivid ; and as I listened with the most intense interest, every dismal circumstance of the calamity became awfully distinct to my apprehension. I could hear the dreary ringing of the bells, self-tolled from the rocking of the churches ; the swaying to and fro of the steeples themselves, and the unnatural heavings and swellings of the Tagus, were vividly before me. As the agitations increased, the voice of the Senor became awfully tremulous, and his seat seemed literally to rock under him. I seemed palsied, and could see from P's looks that he was similarly affected. To conceal his disorder, he kept swal-

lowing large gulps from his rummer, and I followed his example.

This was only the first shock ;—the second soon followed, and to use a popular expression it made us both “shake in our shoes.” Terrific, however, as it was, the third was more tremendous ; the order of nature seemed reversed ; the ships in the Tagus sank to the bottom, and their ponderous anchors rose to the surface ; volcanic fire burst forth from the water, and water from dry ground ; the air, no longer elastic, seemed to become a stupendous solid ; swaying to and fro, and irresistibly battering down the fabrics of ages ; hollow rumblings and moanings as from the very centre of the world, gave warning of deafening explosions, which soon followed, and seemed to shake the very stars out of the sky. All this time, the powerful features of the Senor kept working, in frightful imitation of the convulsion he was describing, and the effect was horrible ! I saw P. quiver like an aspen—there seemed no such thing as terra firma. Our chairs



"DO THY SPIRITING GENTLY."



rocked under us; the floor tossed and heaved; the candles wavered, the windows chattered, and the tea-spoons rang again, as our tumblers vibrated in our hands.

Senor Mendez at length concluded his narrative, and shortly took leave; I staid but a few minutes after him, just to make a remark on the appalling character of the story, and then departed myself,—little thinking, that any part of the late description was to be so speedily realized by my own experience!

The hour being late, and the servants in bed, P. himself accompanied me to the door. I ought to remark here that the day had been uncommonly serene,—not a breath stirring, as was noticed on the morning of the great catastrophe at Lisbon; however, P. had barely closed the door, when a sudden and violent motion of the earth threw me from the step on which I was standing, to the middle of the pavement; I had got partly up, when a second shock as smart as the first, threw me again on the ground. With some difficulty

I recovered my legs a second time, the earth in the mean time heaving about under me like the deck of a ship at sea. The street lamps, too, seemed violently agitated, and the houses nodded over me as if they would fall every instant. I attempted to run, but it was impossible—I could barely keep on my feet. At one step I was dashed forcibly against the wall; at the next I was thrown into the road; as the motion became more violent I clung to a lamp-post, but it swayed with me like a rush. A great mist came suddenly on, but I could perceive people hurrying about, all staggering like drunken men; some of them addressing me, but so confusedly as to be quite unintelligible; one—a lady—passed close to me in evident alarm: seizing her hand, I besought her to fly with me from the falling houses, into the open fields; what answer she made I know not, for at that instant, a fresh shock threw me on my face with such violence as to render me quite insensible. Providentially in this state, I attracted the notice of some of the





RUNNING SPIRITS.

night police, who humanely deposited me, for safety, in St. Anne's watch-house, till the following morning; when being sufficiently recovered to give a collected account of that eventful evening, the ingenious Mr. W., of the Morning Herald, was so much interested by my narrative, that he kindly did me the favour of drawing it up for publication in the following form.

Police Intelligence.—Bow Street.

“This morning a stout country gentleman, in a new suit of mud, evidently town made, was charged with having walked *Waverly* overnight till he got his *Kennelworth* in a gutter in Marybone. The Jack-o'-lanthorn who picked him up could make nothing out of him, but that he was some sort of *Quaker*, and declared that the whole country was in a *shocking* state. He acknowledged having taken rather too much *Lisbon*; but according to Mr. Daly, he sniffed of whiskey “as strong as natur.” The defendant attempted with a *sotto voce*, (anglice, a tipsey voice), to make

58 THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT MARY-LE-BONE.

some excuse, but was stopped and fined in the usual sum, by Sir Richard. He found his way out of the office, muttering that he thought it very hard to have to pay *five hogs* for being only as drunk as *one*."



"WELL! I NEVER COULD KEEP MY LEGS!"

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

"An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering, that could only belong to a *Boney-partie*."—*Life of Napoleon*.

TIME was, I always had a drop
 For any tale or sight of sorrow ;
 My handkerchief I used to sop
 Till often I was forced to borrow ;
 I don't know how it is, but now
 My eyelids seldom want a drying ;
 The doctors, p'rhaps, could tell me how—
 I fear my heart is ossifying !

O'er Goëthe how I used to weep,
 With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
 When Werter put himself to sleep
 With pistols kiss'd and clean'd by Charlotte ;

Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying !

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will,
Each plug upon the main of feeling ;
At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs. Haller's crying ;
'Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying !

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,
And in his hat I used to throw,
The quarter's savings of my pocket ;
I never wish—as I did then !—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen—
I fear my heart is ossifying !

We've had some serious things of late,
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melo-drames, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow ;
Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing,
But lord !—so little have I felt,
I'm sure my heart is ossifying !



IN FOR IT !

A BLIND MAN,

Is a Blackamoor turned outside in. His skin is fair, but his lining is utter dark; his eyes are like shotten stars,—mere jellies; or like mock painted windows since the tax upon daylight: what his mind's eye can be, is yet a mystery with the learned, or if he hath a mental capacity at all—for, “out of sight is out of mind.”

Wherever he stands, he is antipodean, with his midnight to your noon. The brightest sunshine serves only to make him the gloomier object; like a dark house at a general illumination. When he stirs, it is like a Venetian blind being pulled up and down by a string; he is a human kettle tied to a dog's tail, and with much of the



A MISGUIDED MAN.

same tin twang in his tone. With botanists he is a species of solanum, or night shade, whereof the berries are in his eyes;—amongst painters he is only contemned for his ignorance of clare-obscure; but by musicians marvelled at for playing, ante-sight, on an invisible fiddle. He stands against a wall with his two blank orbs, like a figure in high relief, howbeit but seldom relieved; and though he is fond of getting pence, yet is he confessedly blind to his own interest.

In his religion he is a materialist, putting no faith but in things palpable. In politics, no visionary; in his learning a smatterer, his knowledge of all being superficial; in his age a child, being yet in leading strings; in his life immortal, for death may lengthen his night, but can put no end to his days; in his courage heroic, for he winks at no danger; in his pretensions humble, confessing that he is nothing, even in his own eyes; in his malady hopeless, for eyes of *looking-glass* would not help him to see. To

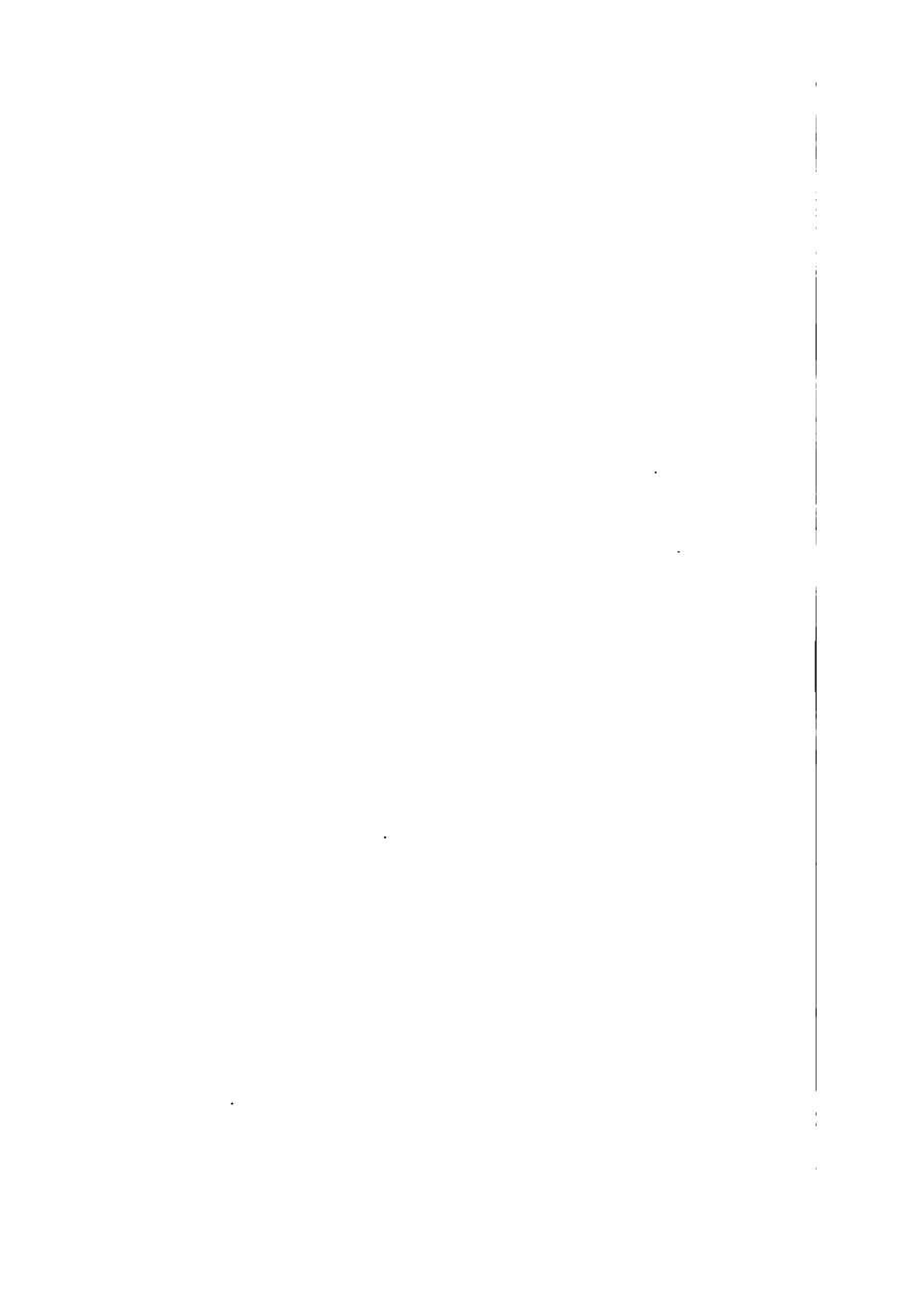
conclude—he is pitied by the rich, relieved by the poor, oppressed by the beadle, and horse-whipped by the fox-hunter, for not giving the view holla!



“BE TO THEIR FAULTS A LITTLE BLIND.”



"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."



ODE TO N. A. VIGORS, ESQ.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF

"THE GARDENS AND MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL
SOCIETY."

"Give you good den."—SHAKESPEARE.

So Mr. V.,—no, Vigors—I beg pardon,
 You've published your Zoological Garden!
 A book of which I've heard a deal of talk,
 And your Menagerie—indeed, 'tis bad o' me,
 But I have never seen your Beast Academy!
 Or set my feet
 In Brute-on Street,
 Or ever wander'd in your "Bird-cage Walk."

Yet, I believe, that you were truly born,
To be a kind of brutal overseer,
And like the royal quarterings appear,
Between a lion and a unicorn,—
There is a sort of reason about rhyme
That I have ponder'd many, many a time,—
Where words, like birds of feather,
Likely to come together,
Are quite prophetically made to chime ;
So your own office is forestall'd, O Vigors !
Your proper Sirname having but one single
Appropriate jingle,
——Tigers !

What is your gardening volume ? like old Mawe's !
Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
Like fruits,
Thro' April, May, or June,
As thus—now rake your lion's manes, and prune
Your tiger's claws ;
About the middle of the month, if fair,
Give your Cameleons air,



PREPARING A HOT-BED.

Choose shady walls for Owls,
Water your Fowls,
And plant your Leopards in the sunniest spots,
Earth up your Beavers ; train you Bears to climb ;
Thin out your Elephants, about this time ;
And set some early Kangaroos in pots ;
In some warm shelter'd place,
Prepare a hot-bed for the Boa race,
Leaving them room to swell ;
Prick out your Porcupines ; and blanch your
Ermine ;
Stick up Opossums ; trim your Monkeys well ;
And “ destroy all vermin.”

Oh, tell me, Mr. Vigors ! for the fleas
Of curiosity begin to tease,—
If they bite rudely I must crave your pardon,
But if a man may ask,
What is the task,
You have to do in this Exotic garden ?
If from your title one may guess your ends,
You are a sort of Secretary Bird,

To write home word
From ignorant brute beasts to absent friends.
Does ever the poor little Coatamondi
Beg you to write to Ma' .
To ask Papa
To send him a new suit to wear on Sunday?
Does Mrs. L. request you'll be so good,
—Acting a sort of Urban to Sylvanus,—
As write to her “Two Children in the Wood,”
Address'd—post paid—to Leo Africanus?
Does ever the great Sea Bear *Londinensis*
Make you amanuensis
To send out news to some old Arctic Stager—
“ Pray write that Brother Bruin on the whole
Has got a head on this day's polé,
And say my Ursa has been made a Major?”
Do you not write dejected letters—very—
Describing England for poor “ Happy Jerry,”
Unlike those emigrants who take in flats,
Throwing out New South Wales for catching
sprats?
Of course your penmanship you ne'er refuse,
For “ Begging Letters” from poor Kangaroos,—



A STRANGE BIRD.

Of course you manage bills, and their acquittance,
And sometimes pen for Pelican a double
Letter to Mrs. P., and brood in trouble,
Enclosing a small dab, as a remittance ;
Or send from Mrs. B. to her old cadger,
Her full-length, done by Harvey, that rare
draughtsman,
And skilful craftsman,
A game one too, for he can draw a Badger.

Does Doctor Bennett never come and trouble you
To break the Death of Wolf, to Mrs W. ?
To say poor Buffalo his last has puff'd,
And died quite suddenly, without a will,
Soothing the Widow with a tender quill,
And gently hinting—"would she like him stuff'd?"
Does no old sentimental Monkey weary
Your hand, at times to vent his scribbling itch ?
And then your pen must answer to the query,
Of Dame Giraffe, who has been told her deary
Died on the *spot*,—and wishes to know *which* ?
New candidates, meanwhile your help are waiting—

To fill up cards of thanks, with due refinement,
For Missis 'Possum, after her confinement,
To pen a note of pretty Poll's dictating—
Or write how Charles the Tenth's departed reign,
 Disquiets the Crown'd Crane,
And all the Royal Tigers,—
To send a bulletin to brother Asses,
Of Zebra's health, what sort of night he passes,—
Is this your duty, Secretary Vigors?

Or are your brutes, but Garden-brutes, indeed,
 Of the old shrubby breed,
Dragons of holly—Peacocks cut in yew?
 But no—I've seen your book,
And all the creatures look
Like real creatures, natural and true!
Ready to prowl, to growl, to prey, to fight,
Thanks be to Harvey who their portraits drew,
And to the cutters praise is justly due,
To Branston always, and to always Wright.



FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Go on then publishing your Monthly parts,
And let the wealthy crowd,
The noble and the proud,
Learn of brute beasts to patronise the Arts.
So may your Household flourish in the Park,
And no long Boa, go to his long home,
No Antelope give up the vital spark,
But all—with this your scientific tome,
Go on as swimmingly as old Noah's Ark !



NATURE'S SCHOOL.

DOMESTIC ASIDES;

OR,

~~Truth in Parentheses.~~

I.

" I REALLY take it very kind,
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner !
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner !)

II.

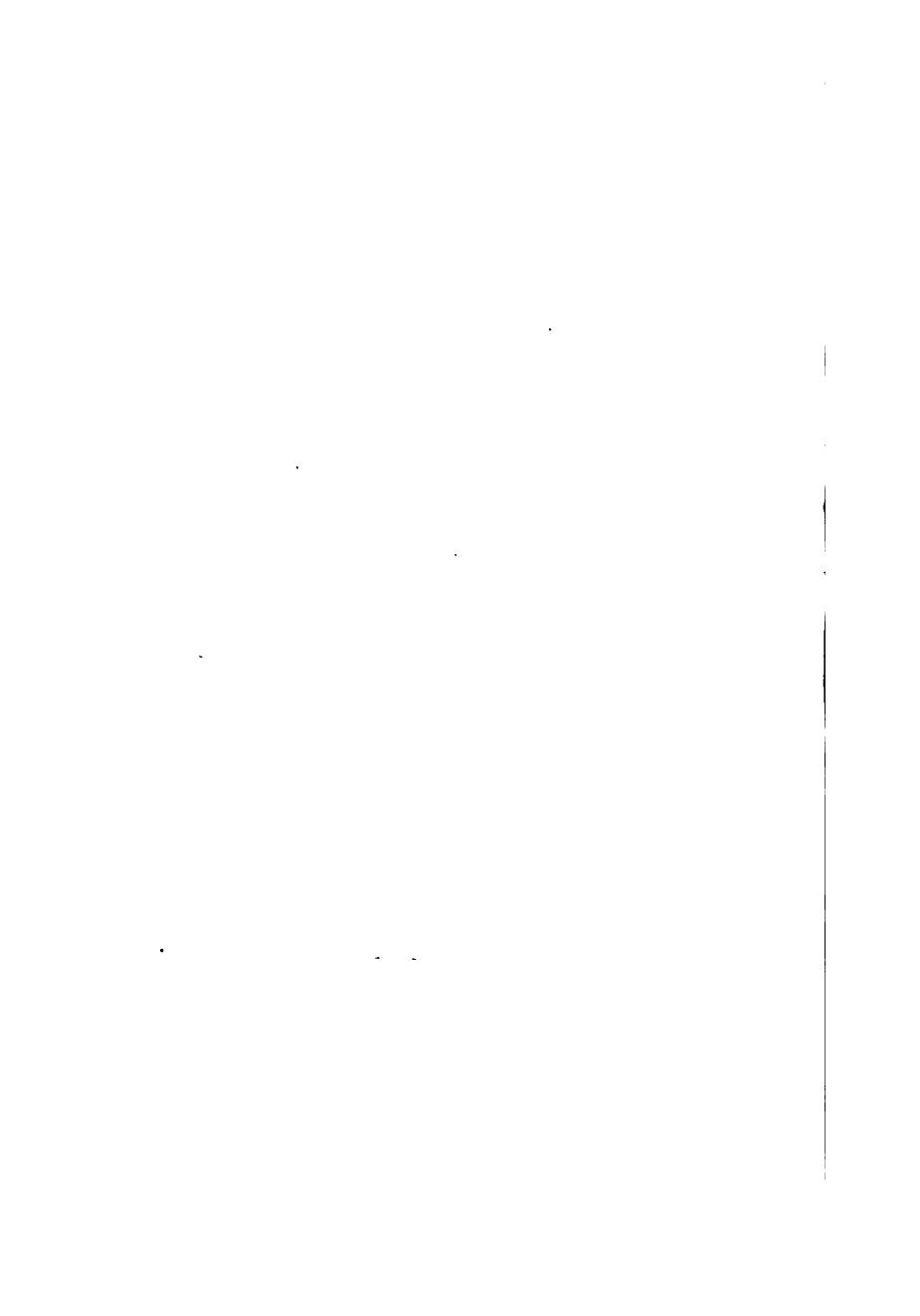
" Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
 What heads for painters' easels !
 Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
 (And give it p'rhaps the measles !)

III.

" Your charming boys I see are home
 From Reverend Mr. Russel's ;
 'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
 (What boots for my new Brussels !)



FRIENDS DROPPING IN.



IV.

“ What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby :
I should have lov’d to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby !)

V.

“ And Mr. S., I hope he’s well,
Ah ! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy !)

VI.

“ Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda’s marriage ;
You’re come of course to spend the day !—
(Thank Heav’n I hear the carriage !)

VII.

“ What, must you go ? next time I hope
You’ll give me longer measure ;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure !)

VIII.

**“ Good bye ! good bye ! remember all,
Next time you’ll take your dinners !
(Now, David, mind I’m not at home
In future to the Skinners !”)**



A MODERATE INCOME.



SPADE HUSBANDRY.

A STEP-FATHER.

"Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow me!"—OLD SONG.

I KNOW not what friend, or fiend, or both together, put such a folly into the head of my maternal parent; but like Hamlet's mother, she set her widow's cap at the sex, and re-married. A second marriage is seldom a favorable alteration of state; it is like changing a sovereign twice over; first into silver, and then into copper. My mother's step was of this description; my first father was a plump, short, and rather Dutch-built, little person; but the most merry, good-humoured, and kind-hearted, yet withal the slowest goer of the human race. His successor was saturnine in spirit, and stern in temper, a

tall bony figure, remarkable for the length of his nether limbs; he was, to adopt a school-boy phrase, a Walker by name, and a walker by nature; and the exercise of this propensity taught me painfully to appreciate the difference between my dear first Daddy and my Daddy-Long-legs.

My father Heavy-sides, was what is called slow and sure; which means sure to be left behind. He had a solemn creak in his shoes, that declared how deliberately his toes turned on their hinges; his movement through life was a minuet de la cour. My Step-father Walker's was a galopade. Considered as Foot Soldiers, or adverse parties of infantry, before one had well marched into his position, the other would have turned his right flank, cut off his left wing, charged his centre, harassed his rear, and surrounded his whole body. They were, alas! literally the quick and the dead, causing between them a race of my toes against my tears, and, if anything, my toes ran the fastest and farthest.



FOOT SOLDIERS.

There has been lately a good deal of speculation as to the ownership of a certain poem ; but I feel assured that my Step-father was the practical author of the " Devil's Walk." The March of Mind might possibly have kept up with him, but no March of body could do it ; least of all, such a body as mine, naturally heavy, and furnished with a pair of lower limbs, very different from those of the son of Scriblerus, who made his legs his compasses for measuring islands and continents. Strain them as I would in pursuit of my Step-father, I seemed to take nothing by my motion ; those hopeless coat-flaps were always in front ; like Doctor Johnson's Great Shakspeare, with little Time at his heels, I panted after him in vain. The pace, as the jockeys say, was severe. It was literally a flight of steps, for he seemed to fly ; if any gentleman could be in two places at once, like a bird, that man was my Step-father, or rather Fore-father, for he was always in front. His stride was that of the Colossus of Rhodes ; like Robinson Crusoe, you could discern one foot-

print in the sand, but the other was beyond discovery. My infatuated mother was nevertheless continually holding him out to me as an example, and recommending me to "tread in his steps;— I wish I had been able! When his friends, or creditors, have been informed at the door, that he "had just stepped out," how little did they dream that it meant he was a mile off.

It was his pleasure, whenever my Step-father walked, that I should accompany him; such accompaniment as flute adagio is sometimes heard to give to piano prestissimo. He seemed to pride himself, like some pompous people, in constantly having a poor foot-boy trotting at his heels: often did I beg to be left at home; often, but vainly, address him in the language of old Capulet's domestic—"Good thou, save me a piece of *march-penn*." The descriptive phrase of "rocky fastnesses," was but too typical of his speed and temper; he had no more pity for me, than the great striding Ogre in the seven-leagued Boots, for little Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

The day of retribution at last came, for, according to the Clown's doctrine, the whirligig of time always brings round its revenges. My poor mother died, and had a walking funeral, and my Step-father felt more for her than I had expected; but he suffered most in his legs and feet: the measured pace of the procession, afflicted him beyond measure; he longed to give sorrow strides, but was forbidden; and he walked and grieved like a fiery horse upon the fret. The slow pace seemed as a slow poison: it has been affirmed that he caught cold upon the occasion; but whether he did or not,—from that day he took ill, went off rapidly, as he always did, in a galloping consumption, and died, leaving me as usual, behind him. In compliance with his last wish, he was furnished with a walking funeral, and, as decency dictated, I followed him to the grave; though in truth it was sacrificing the only opportunity I ever had in the world, of getting before him.

I have been told that the evening of his decease,

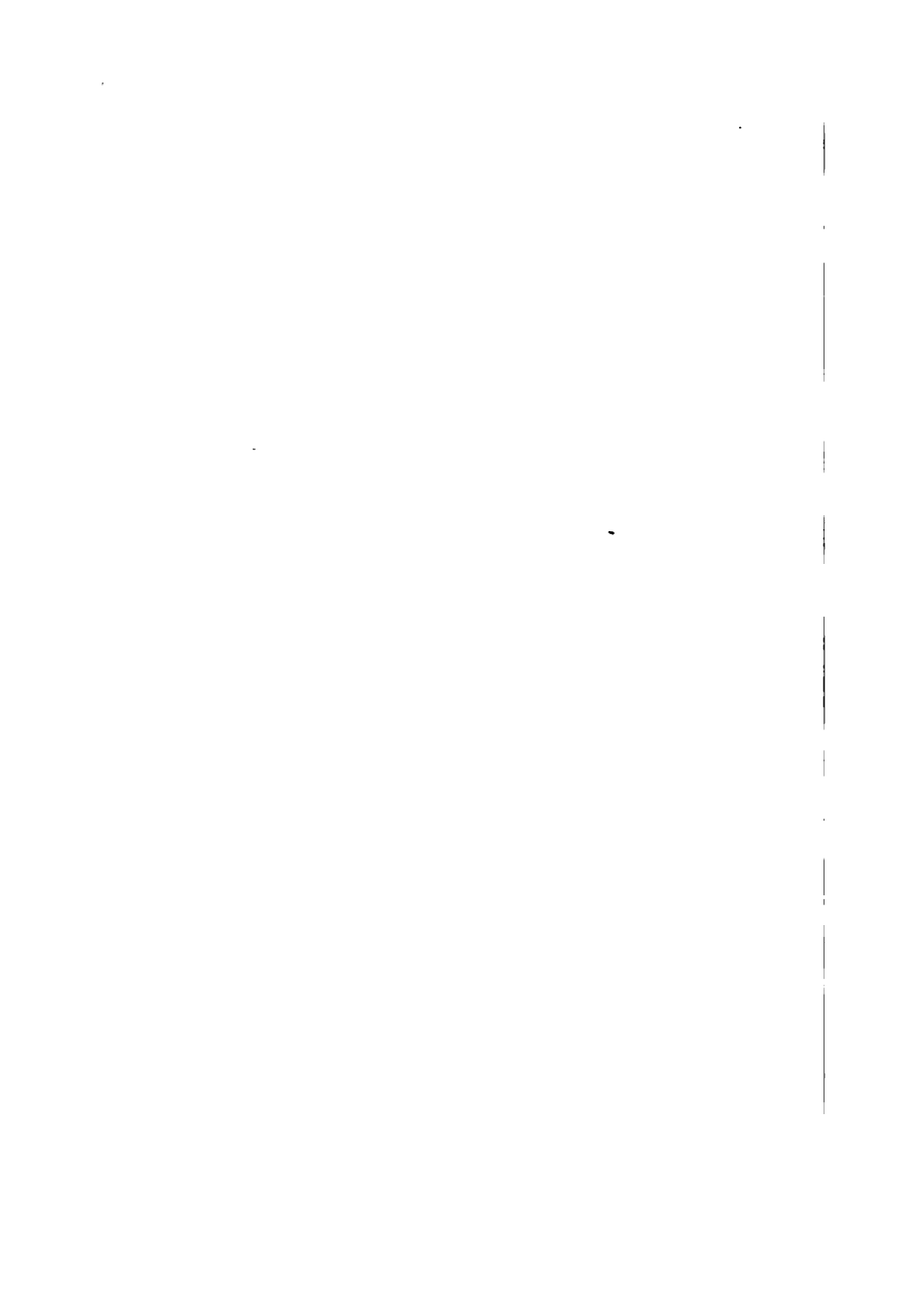
his apparition appeared to a first cousin at Penryn, and the same night to his brother at Appleby. I have no particular faith in Ghosts, but this I do most firmly believe, that if any Body had the Spirit to do the distance, in the time, it was the very Spirit of my Step-father Walker.



THE LATTER END OF MARCH.



A STEP-FATHER.



FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good heaven ! Why even the little children in France speak French !"—ADDISON.

I.

NEVER go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You will repent by jingo.
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy !

II.

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*;
Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

III.

Signs I had to make,
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion.
For wine I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for "beef and bully."

IV.

Moo ! I cried for milk ;
I got my sweet things snugger,
When I kissed Jeannette,
'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new laid eggs,
By clapping hands and crowing !

V.

If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it ;
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it ;
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now here's a *hog* to change,
How many *sows* are in it !

VI.

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo ;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo ;
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy !



"Allons ! Vite ! Vite ! Vite ! Vite !"

"No Mounseer, not vent—them's whoats !"



THE BOA AFTER A MEAL.

A SNAKE-SNACK.

"Twist ye, twine ye."—SIR W. SCOTT.

It was my good fortune once, at Charing Cross's, to witness the feeding of the Boa Constrictor; rather a rare occurrence, and difficult of observation, the reptile not being remarkable for the regularity of its dinner-hour; and a very considerable interval intervenes, as the world knows, between Gorge the First, and Gorge the Second; Gorge the Third, and Gorge the Fourth. I was not in time to see the serpent's first dart at the prey; she had already twisted herself round her victim,—a living White Rabbit—who with a large dark eye gazed piteously through

one of the folds, and looked most eloquently that line in Hamlet—

“O could I shuffle off this mortal coil!”

The Snake evidently only embraced him in a kill-him-when-I-want-him manner, just firmly enough to prevent an escape—but her lips were glued on his, in a close “Judas’ kiss.” So long a time elapsed, in this position, both as marble-still as poor old Laocoon with his Leaches on, that I really began to doubt the tale of the Boa’s ability in swallowing; and to associate the hoax before me, with that of the Bottle Conjuror. The head of the snake, in fact, might have gone without difficulty into a wine-glass, and the throat, down which the rabbit was to proceed whole, seemed not at all thicker than my thumb. In short, I thought the reported *cram* was nothing but *stuff*, and the only other visitor declared himself of my opinion: “If that ere little wiper swallows up the rabbit, I’ll bolt um both!” and he seemed capable of the feat. He looked like a personifi-

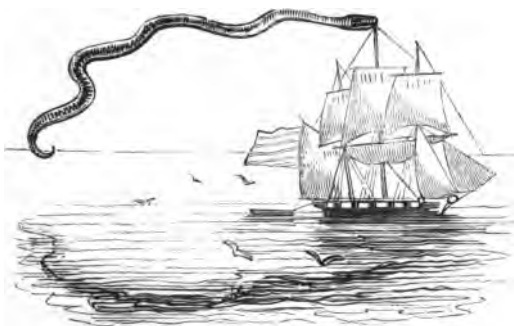
cation of what Political Economists call the Public Consumer ; or, Geoffrey Crayon's Stout Gentleman, seen through Carpenter's Solar Microscope ; a genuine Edax Rerum ; one of your devourers of legs of mutton and trimmings, for wagers ; the delight of eating-houses, and the dread of ordinaries. The contrast was whimsical, between his mountain of mummy, and the slim *Macaroni* figure of the Snake, the reputed Glutton. However, the Boa began at last to prepare for the meal, by lubricating the muzzle of the Rabbit with her slimy tongue, and then commenced in earnest,

As far as in her lay to take him in,
A stranger dying with so fair a skin.

The process was tedious—"one swallow makes a summer"—but it gradually became apparent, from the fate of the head, that the whole body might eventually be "lost in the Serpentine." The Reptile, indeed, made ready for the rest of the interment by an operation rather horrible. On

sudden, the living cable was observed, as a sailor would say, to haul in her slack, and with a squeeze evincing tremendous muscular power, she reduced the whole body into a compass that would follow the head with perfect ease. It was like a regular smash in business :—the poor rabbit was completely broken—and the wily winder-up of his affairs recommenced paying herself in full. It was a sorry sight and sickening. As for the Stout Gentleman, he could not controul his agitation. His eyes rolled and watered; his jaws constantly yawned like a panther's; and his hands with a convulsive movement were clasped every now and then on his stomach;—but when the whole rabbit was smothered in snake, he could restrain himself no longer, and rushed out of the menagerie as if he really expected to be called upon to fulfil his rash engagement. Anxious to ascertain the true nature of the impulse, I hurried in pursuit of him, and after a short but sharp chase, I saw him dash into the British Hotel, and overheard his familiar voice—the same that had promised to

swallow both Snake and Snack—bellowing out,
guttural with hunger—"Here!—Waiter!—Quick!
—Rabbits in onions for Two!"



THE GREAT SEA SERPENT DISCOVERED FROM THE
MAST-HEAD.

SONNET.

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN AFTER HER
COUNTRY FASHION.

WELL done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth !
 Thou mak'st a washing picture well deserving
 The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving :
 Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,
 Dashing about the water of the Firth,
 To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,
 And never from thy dance of duty swerving—
 As there were nothing else than dirt on earth !
 Yet what is thy reward? Nay, do not start !
 I do not mean to give thee a new damper,
 But while thou fillest this industrious part
 Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,
 Deserving better character—thou art
 What Bodkin would but call—"a common
 tramper."



THE STAMP DUTY ON SCOTCH LINEN.

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THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A Pathetic Ballad.

"Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"—MERCUTIO.

I.

'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

II.

Said he, "upon this dainty cod,
How bravely I shall sup,"—
When, whiter than the table-cloth,
A GHOST came rising up!

III.

"O, father dear, O, mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim,—
You know when some one went to sea,—
Don't cry—but I am him!

IV.

" You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
I'm never coming back !

V.

" From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering too much Sow,' we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs !

VI.

" The Ship we pump'd till we could see
Old England from the tops ;
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel's Chops !

VII.

" Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells ;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.

VIII.

“ Well there we are till ‘ hands aloft,’
We have at last a call ;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate’s parrot too, and all.

IX.

“ But oh, my spirit cannot rest,
In Davy Jones’s sod,
Till I’ve appeared to you and said,—
Don’t sup on that ’ere Cod !

X.

“ You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea ;
Last Sunday week, at 2 P. M.
That Cod was picking me !

XI.

“ Those oysters too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

XII.

“ O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They suck'd my blood like imps !

XIII.


“ Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
They'll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat !”

XIV.

The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, alack, alack !
At last up started brother Jim,
“ Let's try if Jack was Jack !”

XV.

They called the Dog, they called the Cat,
And little Kitten too,
And down they put the Cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.



XVI.

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munch'd the Cod,—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

XVII.

The thing was odd, and minus Cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts!



FRIENDS AWAITING A SAILOR'S RETURN.

SONNET TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.

HAIL! seventy-four cut down! Hail, Top and Lop!
 Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,
 Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop
 Became so fatal to thy locomotion ;—
 Now thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,
 Thou readest still to men a lesson good,
 To King and Country showing thy devotion,
 By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!
 Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol ;
 Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg,—
 Methinks,—thou Naval History in one Vol.—
 A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg,
 For unlike others that desert their Poll,
 Thou walkest ever with thy “ Constant Peg ! ”



THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION.

REFLECTIONS ON WATER.

“ When the butt is out, we will drink water: not a drop before.”

TEMPEST.

I HAVE Stephano's aversion to Water. I never take any by chance into my mouth, without the proneness of our Tritons and Dolphins of the Fountains,—to spout it forth again. It is, on the palate, as in tubs and hand-basins, egregiously washy. It hath not for me, even what is called, “ an amiable weakness.” For the sake only of quantity, not quality, do I sometimes adulterate my Cogniac or Geneva with the flimsy fluid. Aquarius is not my sign; at the praises heaped on Sir Hugh Myddelton, for leading his trite streamlet up to London,—my lip curleth. Methinks if such a sloppy labour could at one

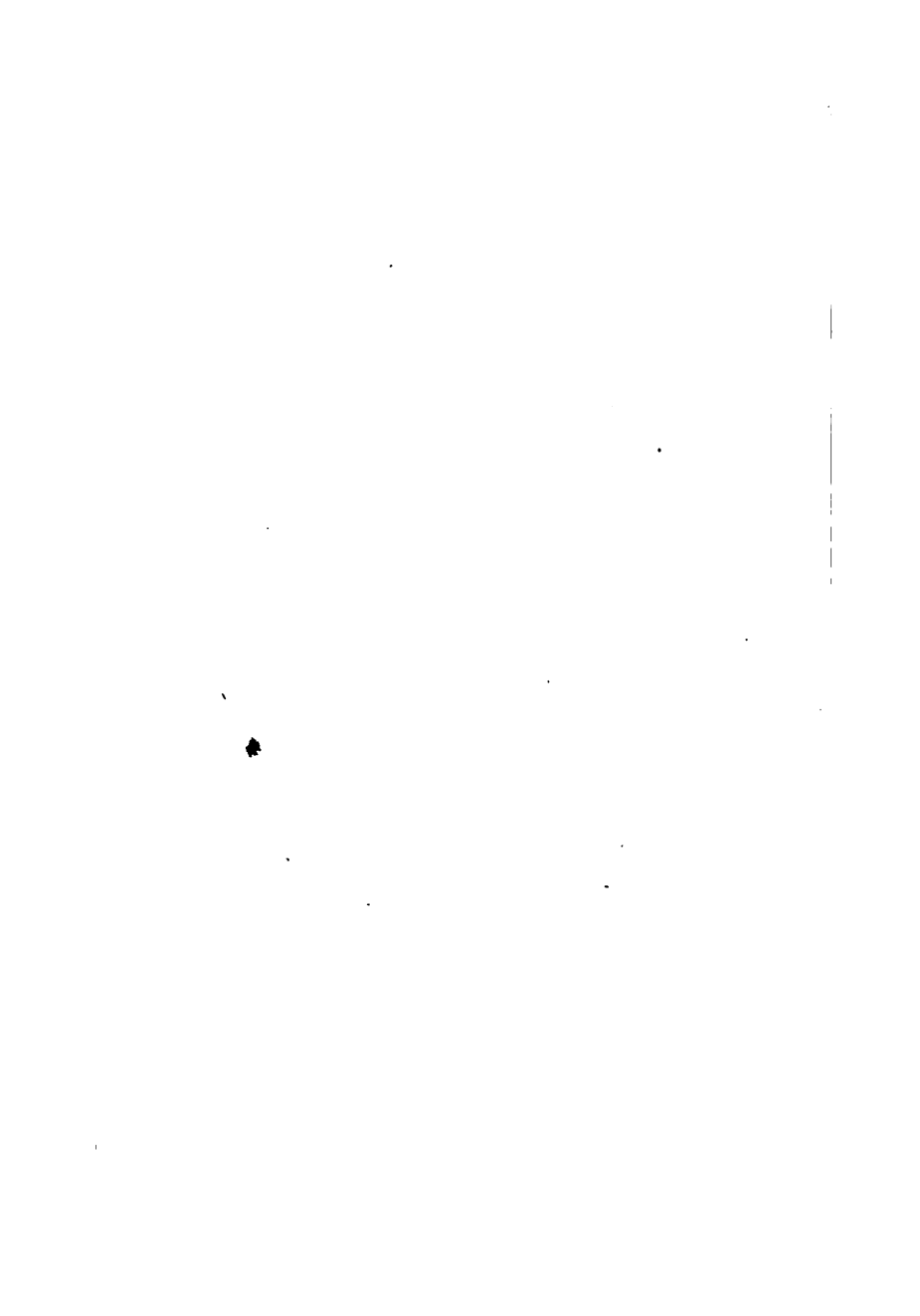
time more than another betray a misguided taste, it was in those days, when we are told,—“The Grete Conduict, in Chepe, did runne forth Wyne.” And then to hear talk withal of the New River *Head*,—as if, forsooth, the weak current poured even from Ware unto London, were capable of that goodly beaded capital, the *caput* of Stout Porter, or lusty Ale.

The taste for aquatics is none of mine. I laugh at Cowes’—it should be Calves’—Regattas; it passeth my understanding, to conceive the pleasure of contending with all your sail and sea, your might and main, for a prize cup of water. Fresh or salt, I hate the element, even by name. Gentle reader, if ever we two should encounter at good-men’s feasts, say not before me, that “your mouth waters,” for fear of my compelled rejoinder, “the more pump you!”

I am told—*Dic mihi*—by Sir Lauder Dick, that the great floods in Morayshire destroyed I know not how many Scottish bridges,—and I believe it. The element was always our Arch-Enemy. Wit-



THE ARCH-ENEMY.



ness the Deluge, when the whole human-kind would have perished, with water on the chest, but for Noah's chest on the water. Drowning—by some called Dying made Easy—is to my notions horrible. Conceive an unfortunate gentleman—not by any means thirsty—compelled to swill gulp after gulp of the vapid fluid, even to swelling, “as the water you know will swell a man.” If I said I would rather be hanged, it would be but the truth; although, “*Veritas in Puteo*” hath given me almost a disrelish for truth itself.

Excepting their imaginary Castaly, I should be glad to know what poet hath sung ever in the praise of Water? Of wine, many. “*Tak Tent*,” saith the Scottish Burns; “O, was ye at the *Sherry*”—singeth another. The lofty Douglas, in commending Norval, thus hinteth his cellar: “*His Port I like*.” Shakspeare discourseth eloquently of both as “Red and White,” and addeth—“with sweet and cunning hand *laid on*,—i. e. laid on in pipes. For Madeira, see Bowles of it; and

the Muse of Pringle luxuriates in the Cape. Then is there also Mountain, celebrated by Pope,—“The Shepherd loves the mountain,”—to Moslem, forbidden draught; yet which Mahomet would condescend to fetch himself, if it failed in coming to hand. Sack, too,—as dear to Oriental Sultanas as his Malmsey to Clarence,—is by Byron touched on in his Corsair; but then, through some Koran-scrupulousness perchance, they take it—in Water!

Praise there hath been of water; but, as became the subject, in prose; M. hath written a volume, I am told, in its commendation, and above all of its nutritive quality; and truly to see it floating the Victory with all her armament and complement of guns, and men, one must confess there is some *support* in it—at least as an outward application; but then, taken internally, look at the wreck of the Royal George!

The mention of Men-of-War, bringeth to mind, opportunely, certain marine reminiscences, pertinent to this subject; referring some years back—

ward, when, with other uniform than my present invariable sables, I was stationed at * * *, on the coast of Sussex. Little as my present-tense habits, and occupations, savour of the past sea-service,—yet, reader, in the Navy List, amongst the Commanders, or years by-gone in the Ship's Books of H.M.S. Hyperion, presently lying in the sequestered harbour of Newhaven, thou wilt find occurring the surname of Hood; a name associated by friends, marine and mechanic, with a contrivance for expelling the old enemy, water, by a novel construction of Ship's pumps.

Staunchest of my sect—the Adam's-Ale-Shunners, wert thou, old Samuel Spiller! in the muster-roll characterized an Able Seaman; but most notable for a Landsman's aversion to unmitigated Water; hard, or soft—fresh, or salt! A petty Officer wert thou in that armed band *versus* contraband, the Coast Blockade; by some miscalled the Preventive Service, if service it be to prevent the influx of wholesome spirits. To do the smuggler bare justice, no seaman, Nelson-bred, payeth

greater reverence, or obedience to that signal sentence,—“ England expects every man to *do* his *duty* !” than he. Thine, Spiller, was done to the uttermost. Spirits, legal, or illegal, in tub or flask, or pewter measure, didst thou inexorably seize, and guager-like try the depth thereof,—thy Royal Master, His Majesty, at the latter end of the seizures, faring no better than thy own begotten sea-urchin, of whom, one day remarking that,—“ he took after his Father,” the young would-be Trinculo retorted, “ Father never leaveth none to take.” There were strange rumours afloat, and ashore—Samuël! of thy unprofitable vigilance. Many an illicit *Child*, i. e. a small keg, hath been laid at thy door. Thou had’st a becoming respect for thy comrades, as brave men and true, who could stand fire; but the smugglers, I fear, were ranked a streak higher, as men who could stand treat. Still were thy misdeeds like much of thy own beverage—beyond proof. Even as those delinquent utterers of base notes, who swallow their own dangerous forgeries,



"I DO PERCEIVE HERE A DIVIDED DUTY."



so did'st thou gulp down whatever might else have appeared against thee in evidence. There was no entrapping thee, like rat, or weazel, in that Gin, from which deriving a sea-peerage, thou wert commonly known—with no offence, I trust, to the Noble Vassall of Kensington—as Lord Hollands.

It was by way of water-penance for one of these Cassio-like derelictions of mine Ancient, that one evening—the evening succeeded the Great Sea Tempest of 1814—I gave him charge of a boat's crew, to bring in sundry fragmental relics of some shipwreckt Argosy, that were reported to be adrift in our offing. In two hours he returned, and like Venator and Piscator, we immediately fell into dialogue,—Piscator, i. e. Spiller, “for fear of dripping the carpet,” standing aloof, a vox et preterea nihil, in a dark entry.

“Well, Spiller,”—my phraseology was not then inoculated with the quaintness it hath since imbibed from after lecture—“Well, Spiller, what have you picked up?”

"A jib-boom, I think, Sir; a capital spar; and part of a Ship's stern. The 'Planter of Barbadoes'—famous place for rum, Sir!"

"Was there any sea—are you wet?"

"Only up to my middle, Sir."

"Very well—stow away the wreck, and go to your grog. Tell Bunce to give you all double allowance."

"Thank your honour's honour!"

The voice ceased: and a pair of ponderous sea-soles, with tramp audible as the marble foot of the Spectre in Giovanni, went hurrying down our main-hatchway. Certain misgivings of a discrepancy between the imputed drenching and the weather, an appeal askance to the rum cask, joined with a curiosity perchance, to inspect the ship-fragments—our flottsom and jettsom, led me soon afterwards below, and there, in the mess-room, sate mine officer, high and dry, with a huge tankard in his starboard hand. I made an obvious remark on it, and had an answer—for Michael Spiller was no adept in the Chester-

fieldian refinements—from the interior of the drinking-vessel—

“Your Honour’s right, and I ax your Honour’s pardon. I warn’t wet! but I was *very* dry!”



PONDER’S END.

THE DUEL.

A Serious Ballad.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
 There lived a Mister Bray,
 Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
 And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
 By all it was allowed,
 Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
 Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
 You choose to rival me,
 And court Miss Bell, but there your court
 No thoroughfare shall be.



PROTECTING THE FARE.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love ;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do ;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode ;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doom'd to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name ;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same ?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts !
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun ;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun ?

So up into the harmless air,
Their bullets they did send ;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end !



EXCHANGING—RECEIVING THE DIFFERENCE.

A BLOW-UP.

"Here we go up, up, up."—THE LAY OF THE FIRST MINSTREL.

NEAR Battle, Mr. Peter Baker

Was Powder-maker,

Not Alderman Flower's flour,—the white that puffs
And primes and loads heads bald, or grey, or
chowder,

Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby,—Crowder,

Not vile apothecary's pounded stuffs,

But something blacker, bloodier, and louder,

Gun-powder !

This stuff, as people know, is—*semper*

Eadem ; very hasty in its temper—

Like Honour that resents the gentlest taps,
Mere semblances of blows, however slight;
So powder fires, although you only p'rhaps
Strike light.

To make it therefore, is a ticklish business,
And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,

For as all human flash and fancy minders,
Frequenting fights and Powder-works well
know,

There seldom is a mill without a blow,
Sometimes upon the grinders.

But then—the melancholy phrase to soften,
Mr. B's. mill *transpir'd* so very often!

And advertised—than all Price Currents louder,
“Fragments look up—there is a rise in Powder.”
So frequently, it caused the neighbours' wonder,—

And certain people had the inhumanity,
To lay it all on Mr. Baker's vanity,
That he might have to say—“ That was my
thunder!”

One day—so goes the tale,
Whether, with iron hoof,
Not sparkle-proof,
Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail,—
Whether some glow-worm of the Guy Faux stamp
Crept in the building, with Unsafety Lamp—
One day this mill that had by water ground,
Became a sort of windmill and blew round.
With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover, it
Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky ;
Besides some visitors who gained thereby,
What they had asked—permission “ to go over it ! ”
Of course it was a very loud and high blow,
And somewhat differed from what’s called a fly-
blow.

At Cowes’ Regatta as I once observed,
A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start,
If such a sound could terrify oak’s heart,
Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved
In fact, it was a very awful thing,—
As people know that have been used to battle,
In springing either mine or mill, you spring
A precious rattle !

The dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange
alarms,

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,

Who lived like cat and dog,

Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner—her fright so strong,
Made a great gobble-stich six inches long;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish;
The "Best of Sons," was taken unawares,
And kick'd the "Best of Parents" down the stairs:
The steadiest servant dropped the China dish;
A thousand started though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish!

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Toss'd it just like a hay-maker at work;
Her sister not in any better case,

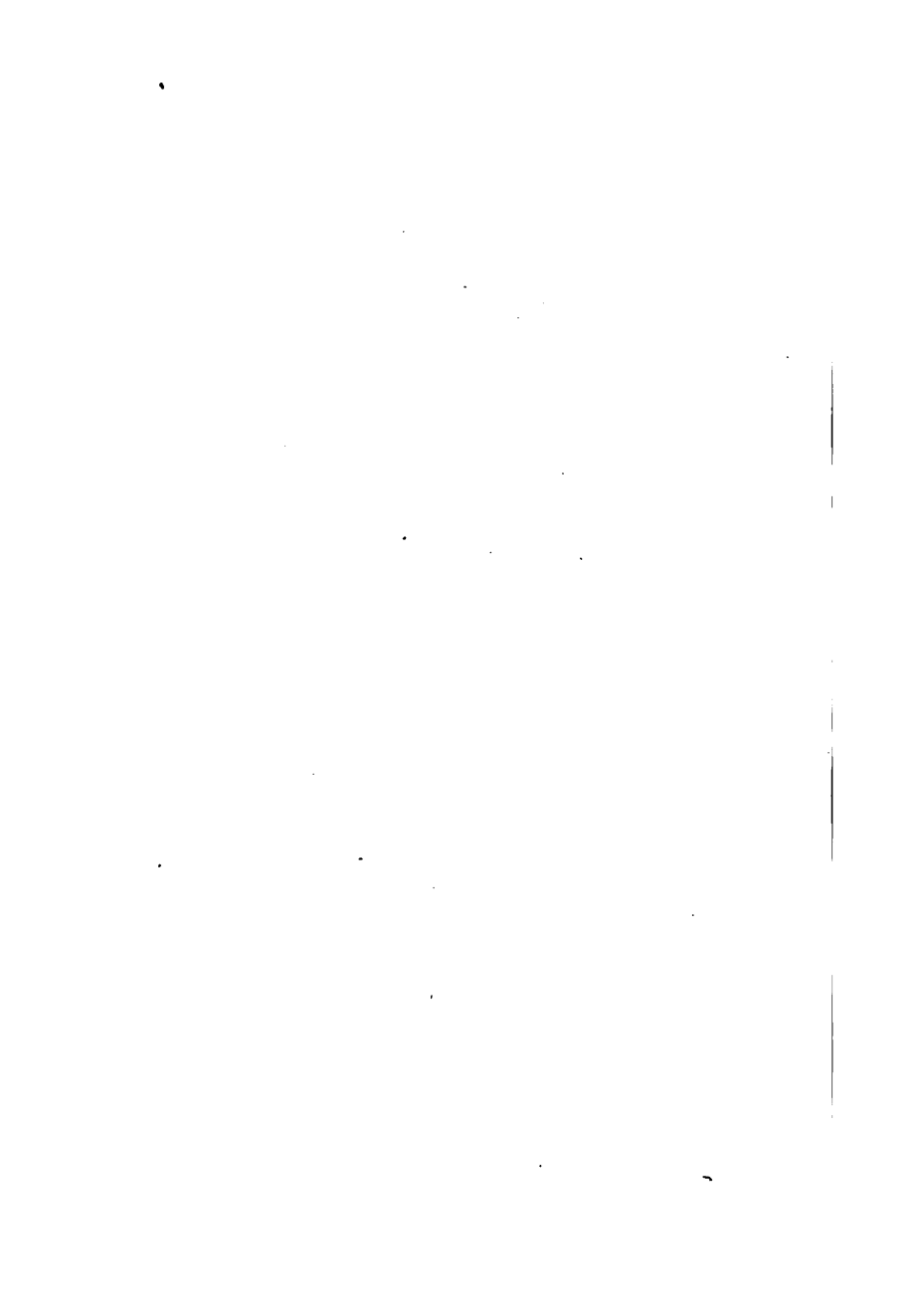
For taking wine,

With nervous Mr. Pyne,

He jerked his glass of Sherry in her face.



HOOKING HIM.



Poor Mistress Davy,
Bobb'd off her brán-new turban in the gravy;
While Mr. Davy at the lower end,
Preparing for a Goose a carver's labour,
Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbour,
As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little "Jack-a-Norey,"
"Bo-peep" and "Blue-cap" at the house's top,
Scream'd, and let Master Jeremiah drop
From a fourth story !
Nor yet did matters any better go,
With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below ;
As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
Expressing faintness and her fear by fits
And starts,—she came at last but to her wits,
By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,
Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and
blind,

Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,

Then, coming to his mind,

Was shocked to find,

Only a pair of shafts without a horse.

Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's!

From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,

Hearing the awful noise,

Out rushed a flood of boys,

Floating a man in black, without a wig ;—

Some carried out one treasure, some another,—

Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,

Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley

Murray,—

But little Tiddy, carried his big brother!

Sick of such terrors,

The Tunbridge folks resolv'd that truth should
dwell

No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,

But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors ;

Accordingly to bring the point to pass,

They call'd a meeting of the broken glass,



A NON SEQUITUR.

The shatter'd chimney-pots, and scatter'd tiles,
The damage of each part,
And packed it in a cart,
Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr. Miles ;
While Doctor Babbleshorpe, the worthy Rector,
And Mr. Gammage, cutler to George Rex,
And some few more whose names would only vex,
Went as a deputation to the Ex
Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr. Baker's dwelling-house had pleased
Along with mill-materials to roam,
And for a time the deputies were teased,
To find the noisy gentleman at home ;
At last they found him with undamaged skin,
Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.

The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,
Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—
A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban,—
The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,
And then unfolded,
By way of climax, Mrs. Davy's turban ;

He told how auctioneering Mr. Pidding,
Knock'd down a lot without a bidding,—
How Mr. Miles, in fright, had giv'n his mare,
The whip she wouldn't bear,—
At Prospect House, how Doctor Oates, not Titus,
Danc'd like Saint Vitus,—
And Mr. Beak, thro' Powder's misbehaving,
Cut off his nose whilst shaving ;—
When suddenly, with words that seemed like
swearing,
Beyond a Licenser's belief or bearing—
Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr. Gammage—
Who is to pay us, Sir—he argued thus,
“ For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus—
Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage ? ”

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled
By such assailants and completely muzzled,
Baker, however, was not dash'd with ease—
But proved he practised after their own system,
And with small ceremony soon dismiss'd 'em,
Putting these words into their ears like fleas ;

**“ If I do have a blow, well, where’s the oddity ?
I merely do as other tradesmen do,
You, Sir,—and you—and you !
I’m only puffing off my own commodity ! ”**



URGING THE SAIL OF YOUR OWN WORK.

MILLER REDIVIVUS.

"He is become already a very promising Miller."

Bell's Life in London.

I WAS walking very leisurely one evening down Cripplegate, when I overtook—who could help overtaking him?—a lame elderly gentleman, who, by the nature of his gait, appeared to represent the Ward. Like certain lots at auctions, he seemed always going, but never gone: it was that kind of march that, from its slowness, is emphatically called halting. Gout, in fact, had got him into a sad hobble, and, like terror, made his flesh creep.

There was, notwithstanding, a lurking humourousness in his face, in spite of pace, that reminded you of Quick or Liston in *Old Rapid*. You saw that he was not slow, at least, at a quirk or quip,



FANCY PORTRAIT :—MR. HOBLER.

—not backward at repartee,—not behind-hand with his jest,—in short, that he was a great wit though he could not jump.

There was something, besides, in his physiognomy, as well as his dress and figure, that strongly indicated his locality. He was palpably a dweller, if not a native, of that clime distinguished equally by “the rage of the vulture and the love of the turtle,”—the good old City of London. But an accident soon confirmed my surmises.

In plucking out his handkerchief from one of his capacious coat pockets, the Bandana tumbled out with it a large roll of manuscript; and as he proceeded a good hundred yards before he discovered the loss, I had ample time before he struggled back, in his Crawly Common pace, to the spot, to give the paper a hasty perusal, and even to make a few random extracts. The MS. purported to be a Collection of Civic Facetiæ, from the Mayoralty of Alderman **** up to the present time: and, from certain hints scattered

up and down, the Recorder evidently considered himself to have been, for wise saws or witty, the Top Sawyer. Not to forestal the pleasure of self-publication, I shall avoid all that are, or may be, his own sayings, and give only such *jeux de mots* as have a distinct parentage.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS.

“Alderman F. was very hard of hearing, and Alderman B. was very hard on his infirmity. One day, a dumb man was brought to the Justice-room charged with passing bad notes. B. declined to enter upon the case. ‘Go to Alderman F.,’ he said; ‘when a dumb man utters, a deaf one ought to hear it.’”

“B. was equally hard on Alderman V.’s linen-drapery. One day he came late into Court. ‘I have just come,’ said he, from V.’s villa. He had family prayers last night, and began thus—Now let us read the Psalm Nunc *Dimities.*’”

“Old S., the tobacconist of Holborn Hill, wore his own hair tied behind in a queue, and had a favourite seat in the shop, with his back to the window. Alderman B. pointed him out once to me. ‘Look! there he is, as usual, advertising his *pigtail*.’”

“Alderman A. was never very remarkable for his skill in orthography. A note of his writing is still extant, requesting a brother magistrate to preside for him, and giving, *literatim*, the following reason for his own absence:—‘Jackson the painter is to take me off in my Rob of Office, and I am gone to give him a *cit*.’ His pronunciation was equally original. I remember his asking Alderman C., just before the 9th of November, whether he should have any men in armour in his *shew*.”

“Guildhall and its images were always uppermost with Alderman A. It was he who so misquoted Shakspeare—“A Parish Beadle, when he’s trod upon, feels as much corporal suffering as Gog and Magog.”

A well-known editor of a morning paper, enquired of Alderman B., one day, what he thought of his journal? "I like it all," said the Alderman, "but its *Broken English*." The editor stared and asked for an explanation. "Why, the *List of Bankrupts*, to be sure!"

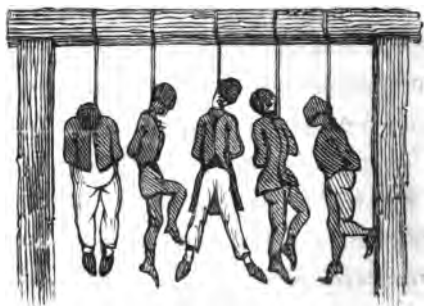
When Alderman B. was elected Mayor, to give greater éclat to his banquet, he sent for Dobbs, the most celebrated cook of that time, to take the command of the kitchen. Dobbs was quite an enthusiast in his art, and some culinary deficiencies on the part of the ordinary Mansion-House professors, driving him at last to desperation, he leapt upon one of the dressers, and began an oration to them, by this energetic apostrophe,—“Gentlemen! do you call yourselves cooks!”

One of the present Household titles, in the Mansion-House establishment, was of singular origin. When the celebrated men in armour

were first exhibited, Alderman P., who happened to be with his Lordship previous to the procession, was extremely curious in examining the suits of mail, &c., expressing at the same time, an eager desire to try on one of the helmets. The Mayor, with his usual consideration, insisted on first sending it down to the kitchen to be aired, after which process, the ambition of the Alderman met with its gratification. For some little time he did not perceive any inconvenience from his new beaver, but by degrees the enclosure became first uncomfortably, and then intolerably warm; the confined heat being aggravated by his violent, but vain struggles to undo the unaccustomed fastenings. An armourer was obliged to be sent for before his face could be let out, red and rampant as a Brentford Lion, from its iron cage. It appeared, that in the hurry of the Pageant, the chief Cook had clapped the casque upon the fire, and thus found out a recipe for stewing an Alderman's head in its own steam, and for which feat, he has retained the title of the Head-Cook, ever since."

"G. the Common-council-man, was a Warden of his own Company, the Merchant Taylors. At one of their frequent Festivals, he took with him, to the dinner, a relation, an officer of the Tenth foot. By some blunder, the soldier was taken for one of the fraternity, but G. hastened to correct the mistake:—"Gentlemen, this is'n't one of the Ninth parts of a man—he's one of the Tenth!"

One day there was a dispute, as to the difficulty of Catch-Singing. Alderman B. struck in, "Go to Cheshire the Hangman—he'll prove to you there's a good deal of *Execution* in a *Catch*."



GOING AT FIVE KNOTS AN HOUR.

COCKLE v. CACKLE.

THOSE who much read advertisements and bills,

Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,

Call'd Anti-bilious—

Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,

But which we are assured, if timely taken,

May save your liver and bacon ;

Whether or not, they really give one ease,

I, who have never tried,

Will not decide ;

But no two things in union go like these—

Viz. :—Quacks and Pills,—save Ducks and Pease.

Now Mrs. W. was getting fallow,

Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow ;

And friends portended was preparing for

A human Pâté Perigord ;

She was, indeed, so very far from well,
Her Son, in filial fear, procured a box
Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks,
And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—
To save her by a Cockle from a shell!

But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,
Who very vehemently bids us "throw
Bark to the Bow-wows," hated physic so,
It seemed to share "the bitterness of Death:"
Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—
Senna—Steel—Asa-fetida, and Squills—
Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined
To give a course to Boluses or Pills;
No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,
For all her lights' or all her liver's sake,
Would her convulsive thorax undertake
Only one little uncelestial globe!

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,
If she put by the pill-box in a place
For linen rather than for drugs intended—
Yet for the credit of the pills let's say,

After they thus were stow'd away,
 Some of the linen mended ;
 But Mrs. W. by disease's dint,
 Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
 When lo ! her second son, like elder brother,
 Marking the hue on the parental gills,
 Brought a new charge of Anti-tumeric Pills,
 To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—
 Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

“ Deeper and deeper, still,” of course,
 The fatal colour daily grew in force ;
 Till daughter W. newly come from Rome,
 Acting the self-same filial, pillial, part,
 To cure Mamma, another dose brought home
 Of Cockles ;—not the Cockles of her heart !
 These going where the others went before,
 Of course she had a very pretty store ;
 And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
 The Medicine so good must be,
 They brought her dose on dose, which she
 Gave to the up-stairs cupboard, “night and morning.”

Till wanting room at last, for other stocks,
Out of the window one fine day she pitch'd
The pillage of each box, and quite enrich'd
The feed of Mister Burrell's hens and cocks,—

A little Barber of a by-gone day,

Over the way ;

Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,
Was one great head of Kemble,—that is, John,
Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,
And twenty little Bantam fowls—with *crops*.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash

She gave the physic wings,

To find the very things

So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
For thoughtless cock, and unreflecting pullet !
But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,
Each peck'd itself into a peck of troubles,
And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
For long before the night—ah woe betide,
The pills ! each suicidal Bantam died

Unfatted !

Think of poor Burrell's shock,
Of Nature's debt, to see his hens all payers,
And laid in death as Everlasting Layers,
With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the Cock.
In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
Giving undone by Cockle, a last Cackle !
To see as stiff as stone, his un'live stock,
It really was enough to move his block.

Down on the floor he dash'd, with horror big,
Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig ;
And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
Burst out with natural emphasis enough,
 And voice that grief made tremble,
Into that very speech of sad Macduff—
“ What!—all my pretty chickens and their dam,
 At one fell swoop !—
 Just when I'd bought a coop
To see the poor lamented creatures cram ! ”

After a little of this mood,
And brooding over the departed brood,

With razor he began to ope each craw,
Already turning black, as black as coals ;
When lo ! the undigested cause he saw—
“ Pison’d by goles ! ”

To Mrs. W.’s luck a contradiction,
Her window still stood open to conviction ;
And by short course of circumstantial labour,
He fixed the guilt upon his adverse neighbour ;—
Lord ! how he railed at her : declaring now,
He’d bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
He’d make her do pill-penance in the pillory !
She, meanwhile distant from the dimmest dream
Of combatting with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,
Lapp’d in a paradise of tea and cream ;
When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
“ Here’s Mr. Burrell, ma’am, with all his farm-
yard ! ”

Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
With all the warmth that iron and a barber
Can harbour ;

To dress the head and front of her offending,
The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking ;
In short, he made her pay him altogether,
In hard cash, very *hard*, for ev'ry feather,
Charging of course, each Bantam as a Dorking ;
Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple,
So the sad dame unpocketting her loss,
Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
And see her poultry "going down ten couple."

Now birds by poison slain,
As venom'd dart from Indian's hollow cane
Are edible ; and Mrs W.'s thrift,—

 She had a thrifty vein,—
Destined one pair for supper to make shift,—
Supper as usual at the hour of ten :
But ten o'clock arrived and quickly passed,
Eleven—twelve—and one o'clock at last,
Without a sign of supper even then !
At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
Betty was called, and with reluctant feet,
 Came up at a white heat—

“ Well, never I see chicken like them chicken !
My saucepans, they have been a pretty while in 'em !
Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
To flesh and bones, and perfect rags ; but drat
These Anti-biling Pills ! there is no bile in 'em ! ”



HALFPENNY MATCH.





A FIGURE OF SPEECH :—A BROAD SCOTCHMAN.

THE APPARITION :

A True Story.

“To keep without a reef in a gale of wind like that—Jock was the only boatman on the Firth of Tay to do it!”—

“He had sail enough to blow him over Dundee Law.”—

“She’s emptied her ballast and come up again,—with her sails all standing—every sheet was belayed with a double turn.”

I give the sense rather than the sound of the foregoing speeches, for the speakers were all Dundee ferry-boatmen, and broad Scotchmen, using the extra-wide dialect of Forfarshire and Fife.

At the other end of the low-roofed room, under a

coarse white sheet, sprinkled with sprigs of rue and rosemary, dimly lighted by a small candle at the head, and another at the feet, lay the object of their comments—a corpse of startling magnitude. In life, poor Jock was of unusual stature, but stretching a little, perhaps, as is usual in death, and advantaged by the narrow limits of the room, the dimensions seemed absolutely supernatural. During the warfare of the Allies against Napoleon, Jock, a fellow of some native humour, had distinguished himself by singing about the streets of Dundee, ballads, I believe his own, against old Boney. The nick-name of Ballad-Jock was not his only reward; the loyal burgesses subscribed amongst themselves, and made him that fatal gift, a ferry-boat, the management of which we have just heard so seriously reviewed. The catastrophe took place one stormy Sunday, a furious gale blowing against the tide, down the river—and the Tay is any thing but what the Irish call “weak tay,” at such seasons. In fact, the devoted Nelson, with all sails set,—fair weather fashion,—

caught aback in a sudden gust,—after a convulsive whirl capsized, and went down in forty fathoms, taking with her two-and-twenty persons, the greater part of whom were on their way to hear the celebrated Dr. Chalmers,—even at that time highly popular,—though preaching in a small church at some obscure village, I forget the name, in Fife. After all the rest had sunk in the waters, the huge figure of Jock was observed clinging to an oar, barely afloat,—when some sufferer probably catching hold of his feet, he suddenly disappeared, still grasping the oar, which afterwards springing upright into the air, as it rose again to the surface, showed the fearful depth to which it had been carried. The body of Jock was the last found; about the fifth day, it was strangely enough deposited by the tide almost at the threshold of his own dwelling, at the Craig, a small pier or jetty, frequented by the ferry boats. It had been hastily caught up, and in its clothes laid out in the manner just described, lying as it were in state, and the public, myself one, being freely admitted, as

far as the room would hold, it was crowded by fish-wives, mariners, and other shore-haunters, except a few feet next the corpse, which a natural awe towards the dead kept always vacant. The narrow death's-door was crammed with eager listening and looking heads, and by the buzzing without, there was a large surplus crowd in waiting before the dwelling for their turn to enter it.

On a sudden, at a startling exclamation from one of those nearest the bed, all eyes were directed towards that quarter. One of the candles was guttering and sputtering near the socket,—the other just twinkling out, and sending up a stream of rank smoke,—but by the light, dim as it was, a slight motion of the sheet was perceptible just at that part where the hand of the dead mariner might be supposed to be lying at his side! A scream and shout of horror burst from all within, echoed, though ignorant of the cause, by another from the crowd without. A general rush was made towards the door, but egress was impossible. Nevertheless horror and dread squeezed up the company in the

room to half their former compass: and left a far wider blank between the living and the dead! I confess at first I mistrusted my sight; it seemed that some twitching of the nerves of the eye, or the flickering of the shadows, thrown by the unsteady flame of the candle, might have caused some optical delusion; but after several minutes of sepulchral silence and watching, the motion became more awfully manifest, now proceeding slowly upwards, as if the hand of the deceased, still beneath the sheet, was struggling up feebly towards his head. It is possible to conceive, but not to describe, the popular consternation,—the shrieks of women—the shouts of men—the struggles to gain the only outlet, choked up and rendered impassable by the very efforts of desperation and fear!—Clinging to each other, and with ghastly faces that *dared* not turn from the object of dread, the whole assembly backed with united force against the opposite wall, with a convulsive energy that threatened to force out the very side of the dwelling—when, startled before by silent motion, but now by sound,—with a smart rattle

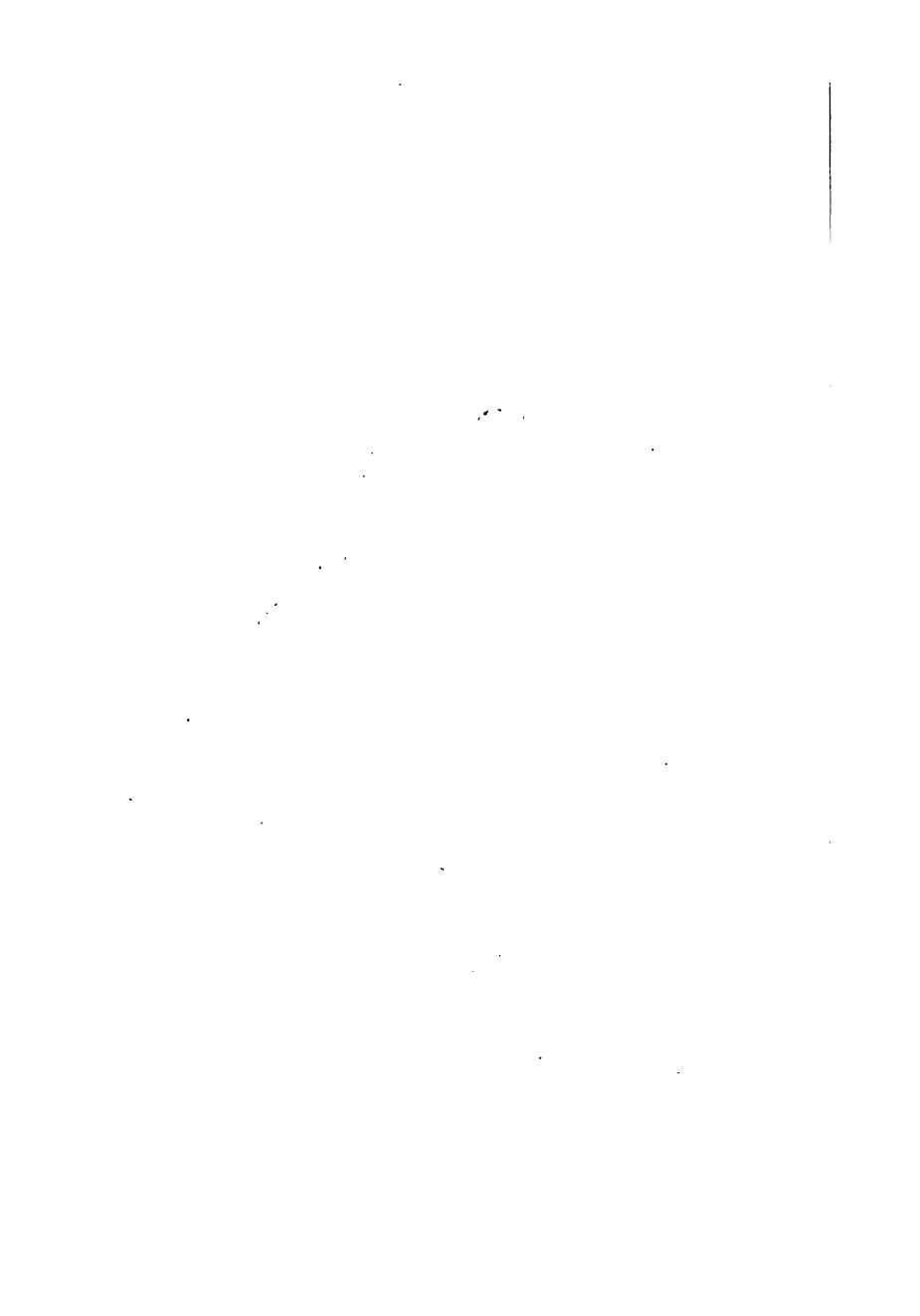
something fell from the bed to the floor, and disentangling itself from the death drapery, displayed—a large pound Crab!—The creature, with some design, perhaps sinister, had been secreted in the ample clothes of the drowned seaman, but even the comparative insignificance of this apparition gave but little alleviation to the superstitious horrors of the spectators, who appeared to believe firmly, that it was only the Evil One himself, transfigured.—Wherever the crab straddled sidelong, infirm bel-dame and sturdy boatman equally shrank and retreated before it,—aye, even as it changed place, to crowding closely round the corpse itself, rather than endure its diabolical contact. The crowd outside, warned by cries from within, of the presence of Mahound, had by this time retired to a respectful distance, and the crab doing what herculean sinews had failed to effect, cleared itself a free passage through the door in a twinkling, and with natural instinct, began crawling as fast as he could clapperclaw, down the little jetty before mentioned that led into his native sea. The Satanic Spirit, however disguised, seemed everywhere distinctly

recognized. Many at the lower end of the Craig, leapt into their craft; one or two even into the water, whilst others crept as close to the verge of the pier as they could, leaving a thoroughfare—wide as “the broad path of honour,”—to the Infernal Cancer. To do him justice, he straddled along with a very unaffected unconsciousness, of his own evil importance. He seemed to have no aim higher than salt water and sand, and had accomplished half the distance towards them, when a little decrepit poor old sea-roamer, generally known as “Creel Katie,” made a dexterous snatch at a hind claw, and before the Crab-Devil was aware, deposited him in her patch-work apron, with an “Hech Sirs, what for are ye gaun to let gang siccan a braw partane?” In vain a hundred voices shouted out, “Let him bide, Katie,—he’s no cannie,” fish or fiend the resolute old dame kept a fast clutch of her prize, promising him, moreover, a comfortable simmer in the mickle pat, for the benefit of herself and that “puir silly body the gudeman:” and she kept her word. Before night the poor Devil was dressed in his shell, to

the infinite horror of all her neighbours. Some even said that a black figure, with horns and wings, and hoofs, and forky tail, in fact old Clooty himself, had been seen to fly out of the chimney. Others said that unwholesome and unearthly smells, as of pitch and brimstone, had reeked forth from the abominable thing, through door and window. Creel Katie, however, persisted, aye, even to her dying day and on her deathbed, that the Crab was as sweet a Crab as ever was supped on; and that it recovered her old husband out of a very poor low way,—adding, “and that was a thing, ye ken, the Deil a Deil in the Dub o’ Darkness wad hae dune for siccan a gude man, and kirk-going Christian body, as my ain douce Davie.”



A SCOTCH CRAB.





OUT AT ELBOWS.

TO A BAD RIDER.

I.

WHY Mr. Rider, why
 Your nag so ill endorse, man?
 To make observers cry
 You're mounted, but no horseman?

II.

With elbows out so far,
 This thought you can't debar me—
 Though no Dragoon—Hussar—
 You're surely of the army!

III.

I hope to turn M. P.
 You have not any notion,
 So awkward you would be
 At "seconding a motion!"

MY SON AND HEIR.**I.**

**MY mother bids me bind my heir,
But not the trade where I should bind ;
To place a boy—the how and where—
It is the plague of parent-kind !**

II.

**She does not hint the slightest plan,
Nor what indentures to endorse ;
Whether to bind him to a man,—
Or like Mazeppa, to a horse.**

III.

**What line to choose of likely rise,
To something in the Stocks at last,—
“ Fast bind, fast find,” the proverb cries,
I find I cannot find so fast !**



SON AND HAIR.

IV.

A Statesman James can never be ;
A Taylor ?—there I only learn
His chief concern is cloth, and he
Is always cutting his concern.

V.

A Seedsman ?—I'd not have him so ;
A Grocer's plum might disappoint ;
A Butcher ?—no not that—although
I hear “ the times are out of joint ! ”

VI.

Too many of all trades there be,
Like Pedlars, each has such a pack ;
A merchant selling coals ?—we see
The buyer send to cellar back.

VII.

A Hardware dealer ?—that might please,
But if his trade's foundation leans
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease
When he retires upon his means.

VIII.

A Soldier?—there he has not nerves,
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf;
A Baker?—no, a baker serves
His customer before himself.

IX.

Dresser of hair?—that's not the sort;
A Joiner jars with his desire—
A Churchman?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

X.

A Lawyer?—that's a hardish term!
A Publisher might give me ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

XI.

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle Stock I can't advise;
A Builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—may be lies!

XII.

A Coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty Usher A. B. C-ing ;
A Publican no father sure,
Would be the author of his being !

XIII.

A Paper-maker ?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet—
A Miller ?—all his toil is just
To make a meal—he does not eat !

XIV.

A Currier ?—that by favour goes—
A Chandler gives me great misgiving—
An Undertaker ?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living !

XV.

Three Golden Balls ?—I like them not ;
An Auctioneer I never did—
The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid.

XVI.

A Broker watching fall and rise
Of Stock?—I'd rather deal in stone—
A Printer?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.

XVII.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jem
Have any taste or turn for that,—
A Fish retailer?—but with him,
One part of trade is always flat.

XVIII.

A Painter?—long he would not live,—
An Artist's a precarious craft—
In trade Apothecaries give
But very seldom take a draught.

XIX.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!
A Crispin he shall not be made—
A Grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives "a roaring trade."



THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

XX.

Well, something must be done ! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book,
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

XXI.

But what to do ?—my temples ache
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
Oh could I make my boy—a girl !



SON AND SHADE.

LETTER

FROM A PARISH CLERK IN BARBADOES, TO ONE IN
HAMPSHIRE,

WITH AN ENCLOSURE.

"Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me."—MEMOIRS OF P. P.

MY DEAR JEDIDIAH,

HERE I am safe and sound—well in body, and in fine voice for my calling—though thousands and thousands of miles, I may say, from the old living Threap-Cum-Toddle. Little did I think to be ever giving out the Psalms across the Atlantic, or to be walking in the streets of Barbadoes, surrounded by Blackamoors, big and little; some crying after me, "There him go—look at Massa Amen!" Poor African wretches! I do hope, by my Lord Bishop's assistance, to instruct many of them, and to teach them to have more respect for ecclesiastic dignitaries.



THE SOURCE OF THE NIGER.



Through a ludicrous clerical mischance, not fit for me to mention, we have preached but once since our arrival. Oh! Jedidiah, how different from the row of comely, sleek, and ruddy plain English faces, that used to confront me in the Church-warden's pew, at the old service in Hants,—Mr. Perryman's clean, shining, bald head; Mr. Truman's respectable powdered, and Mr. Cutlet's comely and well-combed caxon.—Here, such a set of grinning sooty faces, that if I had been in any other place, I might have fancied myself at a meeting of Master Chimney-sweeps on May-day. You know, Jedidiah, how strange thoughts and things will haunt the mind, in spite of one's self, at times the least appropriate:—the line that follows "The rose is red, the violet's blue," in the old Valentine, I am ashamed to say, came across me I know not how often. Then after service, no sitting on a tombstone for a cheerful bit of chat with a neighbour—no invitation to dinner from the worshipful Churchwardens. The jabber of these Niggers is so outlandish or unintelligible, I

can hardly say I am on speaking terms with any of our parishioners, except Mr. Pompey, the Governor's black, whose trips to England have made his English not quite so full of Greek as the others. There is one thing, however, that is so great a disappointment of my hopes and enjoyments, that I think, if I had foreseen it, I should not have come out, even at the Bishop's request. The song in the play-book says, you know, "While all Barbadoes bells do ring!"—but alas, Jedidiah, there is not a ring of bells in the whole island!—You who remember my fondness for that melodious pastime, indeed I may say my passion, for a Grandsire Peal of Triple Bob-Majors truly pulled, and the changes called by myself, as when I belonged to the Great Tom Society of Hampshire Youths,—may conceive my regret that, instead of coming here, I did not go out to Swan River—I am told they have a Peel there.

I shall write a longer letter by the Nestor, Bird, which is the next ship. This comes by the Lively, Kidd,—only to inform you that I arrived here safe



BLACK BARBERISM.

and well. Pray communicate the same, with my love and duty, to my dear parents and relations, not forgetting Deborah and Darius at Porkington, and Uriah at Pigstead. The same to Mrs. Pugh, the opener,—Mr. Sexton, and the rest of my clerical friends. I have no commissions at present, except to beg that you will deliver the inclosed, which I have written at Mr. Pompey's dictation, to his old black fellow servant, at number 45, Portland Place. Ask for Agamemnon down the area. If an opportunity should likewise offer of mentioning in any quarter that might reach administration, the destitute state of our Barbadian steeples, and bellfreys, pray don't omit; and if, in the meantime, you could send out even a set of small handbells, it might prove a parochial acquisition as well as to me.

Dear Jedidiah,

Your faithful Friend and fellow Clerk,

HABAKKUK CRUMPE.

P. S.—I send Pompey's letter open, for you to read.—You will see what a strange herd of black cattle I am among.

[THE ENCLOSURE.]

I say, Aggy!—

You remember me?—Very well.—Run-away Pompey, somebody else. Me Governor's Pompey. You remember? Me carry out Governor's piccaninny a walk. Very well. Massa Amen and me write this to say the news. Barbadoes all bustle. Nigger-mans do nothing but talkee talkee. [*Pompey's right, Jedidiah.*] The Bishop is come. Missis Bishop. Miss Bishop—all the Bishops. Very well. The Bishop come in one ship, and him wigs come out in other ship. Bishop come one, two, three, weeks first. [*It's too true, Jedidiah.*] Him say no wig, no Bishop. Massa Amen, you remember, say so too. Very well. Massa Amen ask me every thing about nigger-man, where him baptizes in a water. [*So I did.*] Me tell him in the sea, in the river, any wheres abouts. You remember. Massa Amen ask at me again, who 'ficiates. Me tell him de Cayman. [*What man, Jedidiah, could he mean?*] Very well. The day before the other day Bishop come to dinner with



"BY OUM HIM TURBAN AFIRE!"

Governor and Governess, up at the Big House. You remember,—Missis Bishop too. Missis Bishop set him turban afire at a candle, and me put him out. [*With a bottle of scalding water, Jedidiah.*] Pompey get nothing for that. Very well.

I say Aggy,—You know your Catechism? Massa Amen ask him at me and my wife, Black Juno, sometimes. You remember. Massa Amen say, you give up a Devil? very well. Then him say, you give up all work? very well. Then him say again; Black Juno, you give up your *Pompeys* and vanities? Black Juno shake her head, and say no. Massa Amen say you must, and then my wife cry ever so much. [*It's a fact, Jedidiah, the black female made this ridiculous mistake.*]

Very well. Governor come to you in three months to see the King. Pompey too. You remember. Come for me to Blackwall. Me bring you some of Governor's rum. Black Juno say, tell Massa Agamemnon, he must send some fashions, sometimes. You remember? Black Juno very smart. Him wish for a Bell Assembly. [*Jedidiah, so do I.*] You send him out, you remember? Very well.

Massa Amen say write no more now. I say, O pray one little word more for Agamemnon's wife. Give him a good kiss from Pompey. [*Jedidiah, what a heathenish message!*] Black Diana a kiss too. You remember? very well. No more.



SHIP LETTERS.



SEE-VIEW :—BROAD-STARES.

PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT.

A Sea Eclogue.

"I apprehend you!"—SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off
she's under way!

MRS. F.

She's under what?—I hope she's not! good gra-
cious, what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of
those two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of
their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim !

MRS. F.

Great bags of stones ! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim !

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault !

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt !

BOATMAN.

That Schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts !

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts !

BOATMAN.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

Mrs. F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

Mrs. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!

Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little sloop! go large Bill! keep her full!

Mrs. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must go down!

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town!

Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint*! lay right for yonder pink!

Mrs. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can ! but they've got
a pint of drink !

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it
up this reach.

Mrs. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by
that speech !

I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so
queer !

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she's yawing—
keep her near !

Mrs. F.

Keep near ! we're going further off ! the land's
behind our backs.

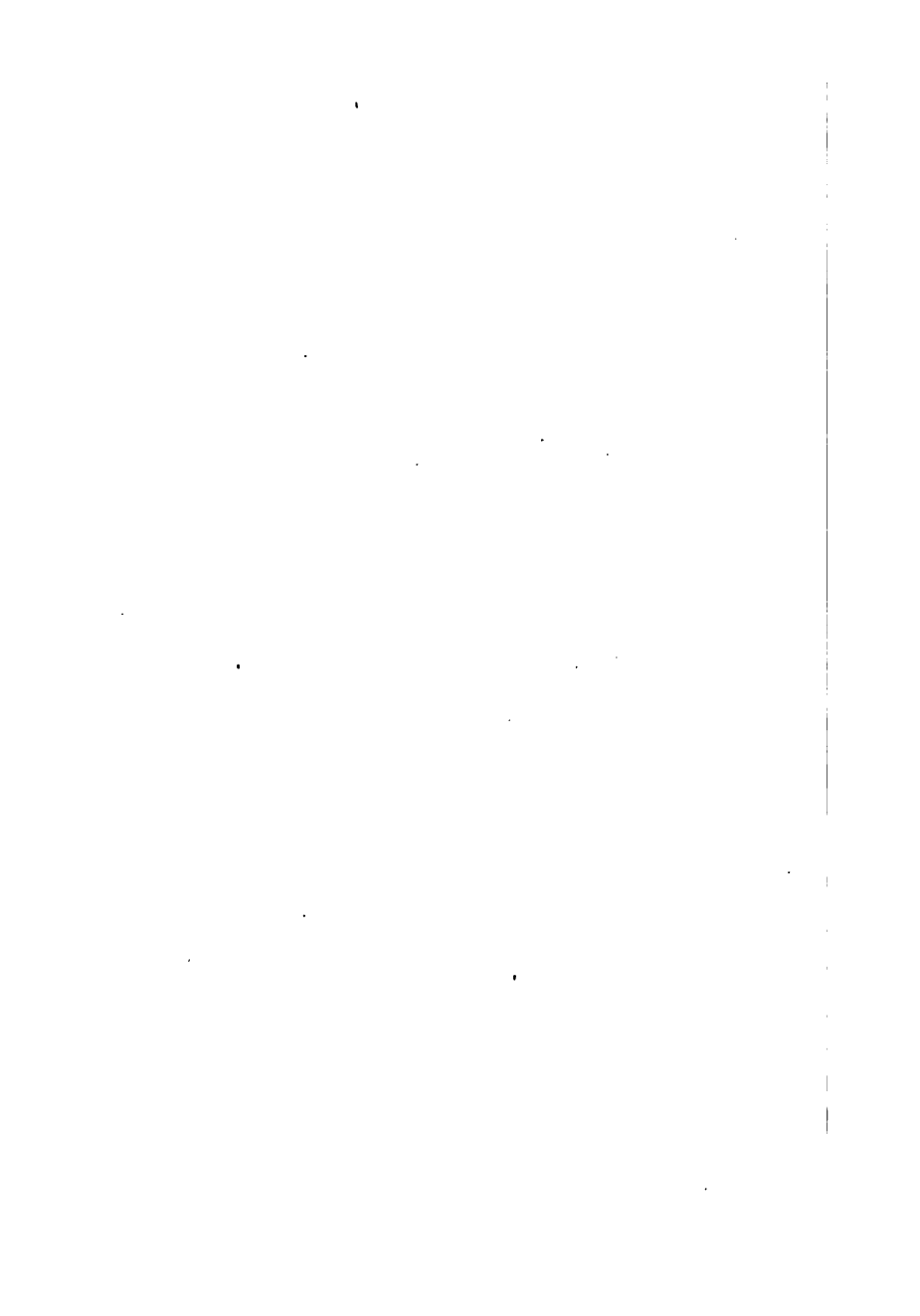
BOATMAN.

Be easy, ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause
we tacks :

We shall have to beat about a bit,—Bill, keep her
out to sea.



STERN'S MARIA.



Mrs. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black
they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It's veering round—I knew it would! off with her
head! stand by!

Mrs. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—
an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall
have to pull her in!

Mrs. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's
not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.

Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just when she
takes the sand!

Mrs. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how every
thing is plann'd!

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! now
Ma'am, just step ashore!

Mrs. F.

What! an't I going to be killed—and welter'd in
my gore?

Well, heaven be praised! but I'll not go a sailing
any more!



SHOVING OFF.



AN UNFORTUNATE BEE-ING.

THE SCRAPE-BOOK.

" Luck's all ! "

SOME men seem born to be lucky. Happier than kings, Fortune's wheel has for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold,—their path is paved with the philosopher's stone. At games of chance they have no chance ; but, what is better, a certainty. They hold four suits of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring—as legacies. Prizes turn up for them in lotteries. On the turf, their horse—an outsider—always wins. They enjoy a whole season of benefits. At the very worst, in trying to drown themselves, they dive on some treasure undiscovered since the Spanish Armada ; or tie their halter to a hook, that unseals a hoard in the ceiling. That's their luck.

There is another kind of fortune, called ill-luck : so ill, that you hope it will die ;—but it don't. That's my luck.

Other people keep scrap-books ; but I, a scrape-book. It is theirs to insert bon-mots, riddles, anecdotes, caricatures, facetiæ of all kinds ;—mine to record mischances, failures, accidents, disappointments : in short, as the betters say, I have always a bad book. Witness a few extracts, bitter as extract of bark.

April 1st. Married on this day : in the first week of the honeymoon, tumbled over my father-in-law's beehives ! He has 252 bees ; thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of the insects having an account against me, preferred to *settle* on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect humming-top ! Two hundred and fifty-two stings—it should be “stings—and arrows of outrageous fortune !” But that's my luck. Rushed bee-blind into the horse-pond, and *torn out* by Tiger, the house dog. Staggered incontinent into the pig-sty, and collared





MOUNT PLEASANT.

by the sow—sus. per coll, for kicking her sucklings ; recommended oil for my wounds, and none but lamp ditto in the house ; relieved of the stings at last—what luck ! by 252 operations.

9th. Gave my adored Belinda a black eye, in the open street, aiming at a lad who attempted to snatch her reticule. Belinda's part taken by a big rascal, as deaf as a post, who wanted to fight me “ for striking a woman.” My luck again.

12th. Purchased a mare, warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, no animal could be quieter, except the leather one, formerly in the Show-room, at Exeter Change. Meant for the first time to ride with Belinda to the Park—put my foot in the stirrup, and found myself on my own back instead of the mare's. Other men are thrown by their horses, but a saddle does it for me. Well,—nothing is so hard as my luck—unless it be the fourth flag or stone from the post at the north corner of Harley-Street.

14th. Run down in a wherry by a coal-brig, off Greenwich, but providentially picked up by

a steamer, that burst her boiler directly afterwards. Saved to be scalded!—But misfortunes with me never came single, from my very childhood. I remember when my little brothers and sisters tumbled down stairs, they always hitched halfway at the angle. *My* luck invariably turned the corner. It could not bear to bate me a single bump.

17th. Had my eye picked out by a pavior who was *aring* his way, he didn't care where. Sent home in a hackney chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. *My* luck all over!

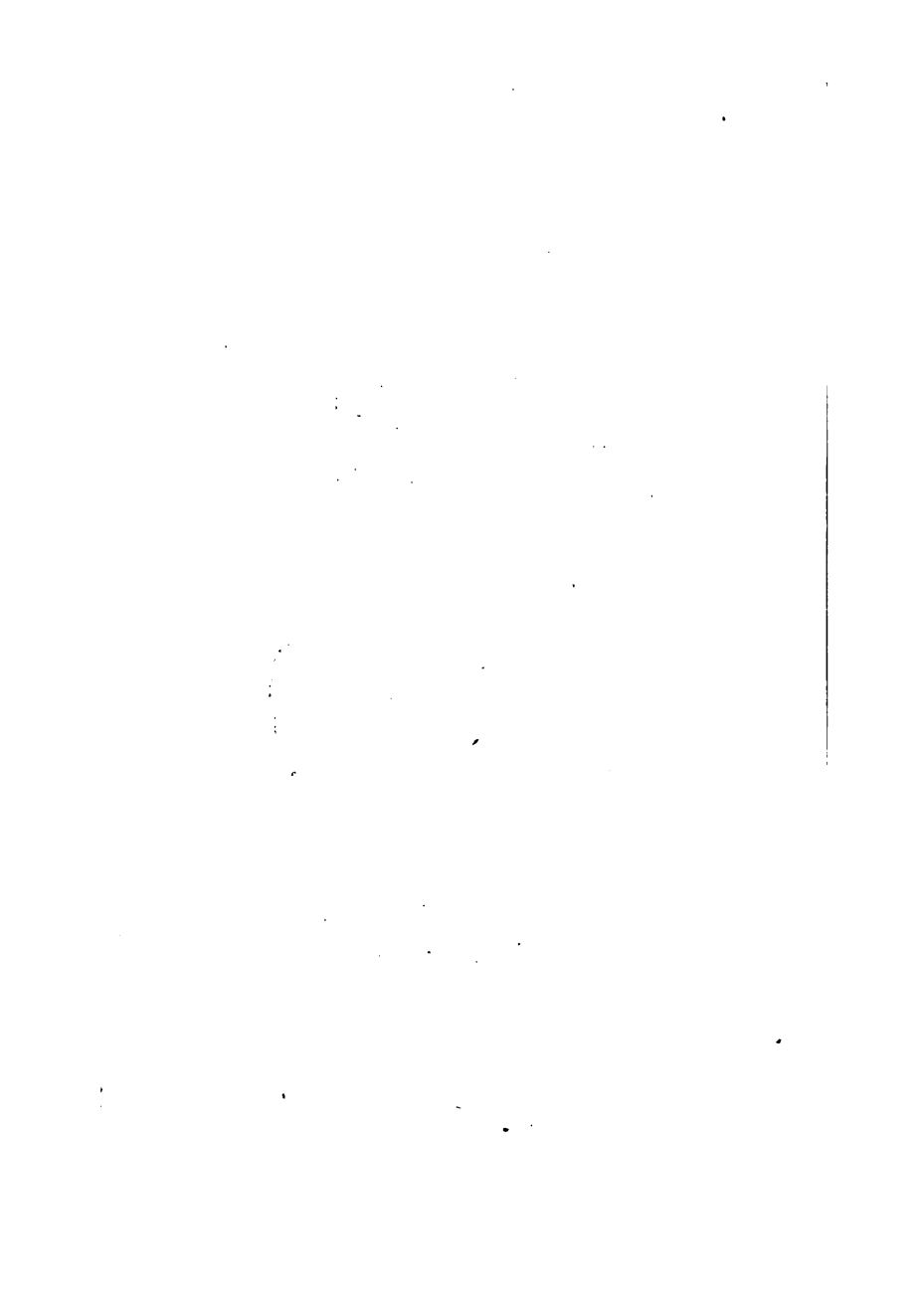
1st of May. *My* flue on fire. Not a sweep to be had for love or money!—Lucky enough *for me*—the parish engine soon arrived, with all the charity school. Boys are fond of playing—and indulged their propensity by playing into my best drawing-room. Every friend I had dropped in to dinner. Nothing but Lacedemonian black broth. Others have pot-luck, but I have not even pint-luck—at least of the right sort.

8th. Found, on getting up, that the kitchen



PICKING YOUR WAY.







A CORNISH MAN.

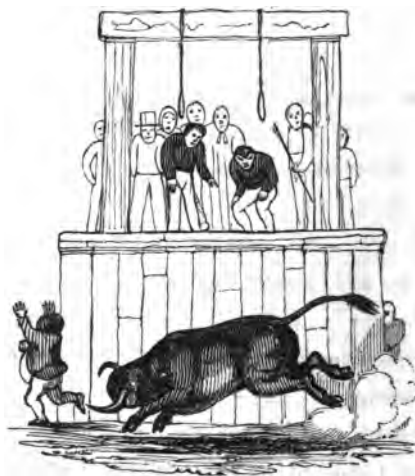
garden had been stripped by thieves, but had the luck at night to catch some one in the garden, by walking into my own trap. Afraid to call out, for fear of being shot at by the gardener, who would have hit me to a dead certainty—for such is my luck!

10th. Agricultural distress is a treat to mine. My old friend Bill—I must henceforth call him Corn-Bill—has, this morning, laid his unfeeling wooden leg on my tenderest toe, like a thresher. In spite of Dibdin, I don't believe that oak has any heart: or it would not be such a walking treadmill!

12th. Two pieces of "my usual." First knocked down by a mad bull. Secondly, picked up by a pick-pocket. Any body but me would have found one honest humane man out of a whole crowd; but I am born to suffer, whether done by accident or done by design. Luckily for me and the pick-pocket, I was able to identify him, bound over to prosecute, and had the satisfaction of exporting him to Botany Bay. I suppose I performed well

in a court of justice, for the next day—" *Encore un coup !* "—I had a summons to serve with a Middlesex jury, at the Old Bailey, for a fortnight.

14th. My number in the lottery has come up a capital prize. Luck at last—if I had not lost the ticket !



" HOW LUCKY, BILL, WE ARE UP HERE ! "

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES

OF

A Sentimentalist.

"My Tables!—Mew! it is, I set it down!"—HAMLET.

I THINK it was Spring—but not certain I am—
 When my passion began first to work ;
 But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
 And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss
 Chase,

Yes,—for Morris had asked me to dine,—
 And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
 Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild,
With sheer envy to witness my luck ;
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smil'd
As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas, to my cost,
Through three courses of dishes and meats ;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
When it came to the trifle and sweets !

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
With a very fine pottle of pines !

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
And she did not object in the least ;—
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to ——, it certainly was the sea-side,
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may mem'ry lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought,
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart!

So happy, like hours, all our days seem'd to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that!
Oh there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried,
When my turbot eloped with the cat!

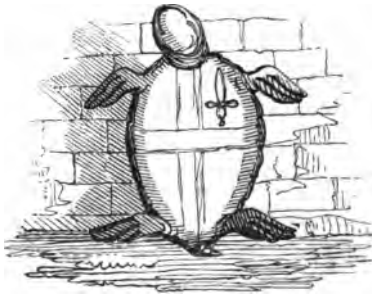
My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
But the cause no physician could nab;
But something it seem'd like consumption, I fear,
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed,
Still her strength and her appetite pined;
She lost relish for what she had relish'd the most,
Even salmon she deeply declin'd!

For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt,
While her form it grew wasted and thin;
But the last dying spark of existence went out,
As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men
To indulge in a widower's moan,
Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
O my grief pour'd a flood! and the out-of-door folks
Were all crying—I think it was sprats!



“THE CITY REMEMBRANCE.”

ODE TO M. BRUNEL.

"Well said, old Mole! cans't work i' the dark so fast? a worthy pioneer!"—HAMLET.

WELL!—Monsieur Brunel,
 How prospers now thy mighty undertaking,
 To join by a hollow way the Bankside friends
 Of Rotherhithe, and Wapping,—
 Never be stopping,
 But poking, groping, in the dark keep making
 An archway, underneath the Dabs and Gudgeons,
 For Collier men and pitchy old Curmudgeons,
 To cross the water in inverse proportion,
 Walk under steam-boats under the keel's ridge,
 To keep down all extortion,
 And without sculls to diddle London Bridge!
 In a fresh hunt, a new Great Bore to worry,
 Thou didst to earth thy human terriers follow,
 Hopeful at last from Middlesex to Surrey,
 To give us the "View hollow."



FANCY PORTRAIT:— M. BRUNEL.

In short it was thy aim, right north and south,
To put a pipe into old Thames's mouth ;
Alas ! half-way thou hadst proceeded, when
Old Thames, through roof, not water-proof,
Came, like " a tide in the affairs of men ;"
And with a mighty stormy kind of roar,
 Reproachful of thy wrong,
 Burst out in that old song
Of Incledon's, beginning " Cease rude Bore"—
Sad is it, worthy of one's tears,
 Just when one seems the most successful,
To find one's self o'er head and ears
 In difficulties most distressful !
Other great speculations have been nursed,
 Till want of proceeds laid them on the shelf ;
But thy concern was at the worst,
 When it began to *liquidate* itself !
But now Dame Fortune has her false face hidden,
And languishes thy Tunnel,—so to paint,
Under a slow incurable complaint,
 Bed-ridden !
Why, when thus Thames—bed-bother'd—why repine !
Do try a spare bed at the Serpentine !

Yet let none think thee daz'd, or craz'd, or stupid ;
And sunk beneath thy own and Thames's craft ;
Let them not style thee some Mechanic Cupid,
Pining and pouting o'er a broken shaft !
I'll tell thee with thy Tunnel what to do ;
Light up thy boxes, build a bin or two,
The wine does better than such water trades :
Stick up a sign—the sign of the Bore's Head ;
I've drawn it ready for thee in black lead,
And make thy Cellar-subterrane,—Thy Shades !



THE BROKEN SHAFT.

